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Dr. Who Invades the U.S.

Galactica's Lost Aliens

Interview: Christopher Lee

Making of "The Creature from the Black Lagoon"

Preview: New Fright Films

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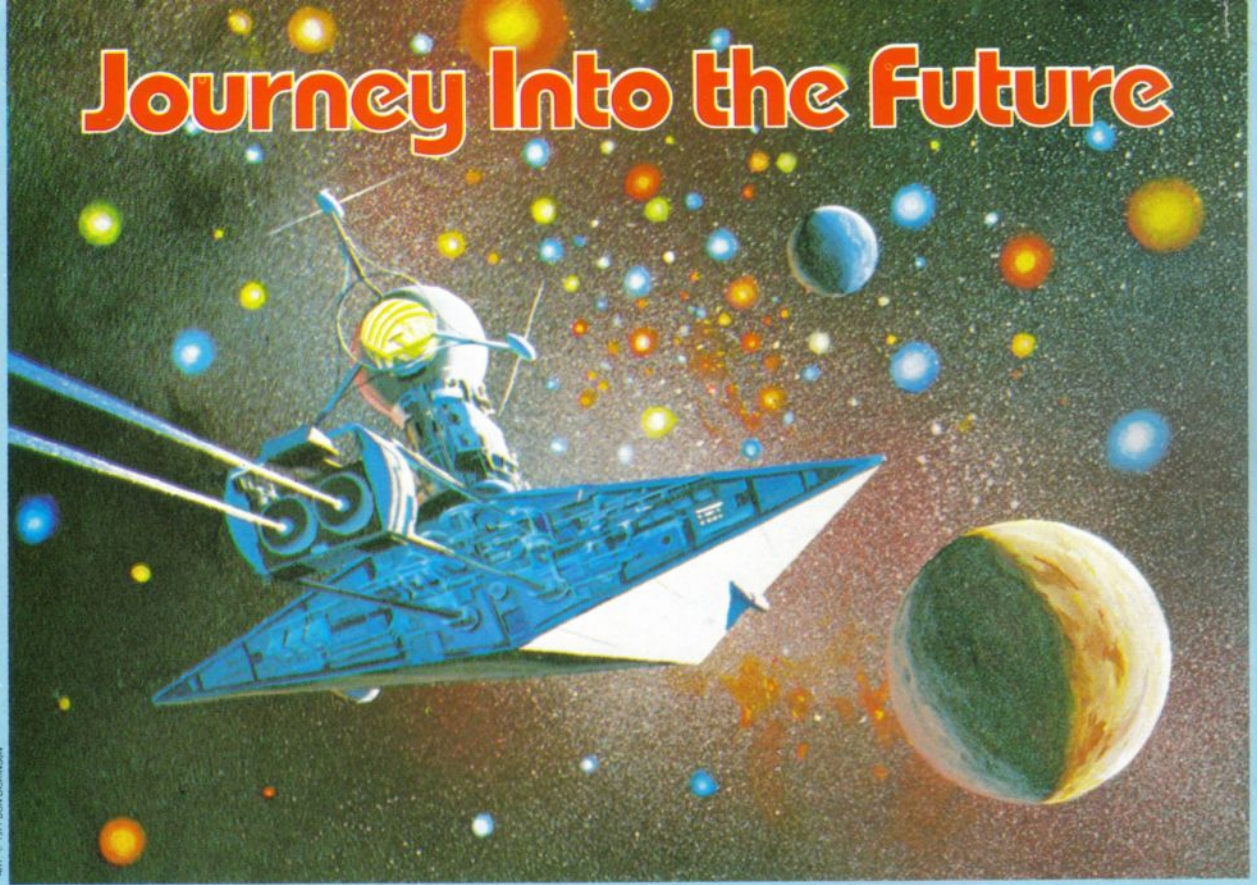

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FANGORIA

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FANGORIA

AUGUST 1979 #1

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Imagination Inc.

Welcome to the World of FANGORIA!

I received a letter this week that started, "I just saw *Superman*, and I was amazed; it made me feel like I could fly. I loved it. It brings out the adventure and romance in everyone. In a world of reality, we need more fantasy. . . ."

Whether or not you had the same reaction to seeing *Superman* doesn't matter; the *thought* expressed in this letter is 100% solid gold!

There *is* a spirit of adventure and of romance inside everyone—especially inside young people. Unfortunately, as they grow older, many lose that spirit and slowly, perhaps without knowing it, replace it with a sense of frustration, cynicism and bleak indifference. In other words, as they "mature," they gradually give up expecting that life will be exciting and wonderful. They grow up and start dying.

But that doesn't *need* to happen. In fact, the people who hold onto their *spirit* of adventure are the ones who fill their lives with exciting pursuits and projects—turning their hopes into realities.

It isn't easy to hold onto that positive spirit. There are disappointments, fears, hurts and all sorts of negative experiences in life that make it very hard to keep your chin up and your heart high. We need all the help we can get—all the *emotional fuel* that will keep us moving eagerly toward our long-range goals.

One of the most important sources of this fuel is in the arts—movies, paintings, plays, books, magazines and, yes, even television. And some of the most appealing works of art to young people are the amazing flights of imagination that create fantastic worlds and fantastic creatures.

For several years, the readers of STARLOG and FUTURE Magazines (our family of publications) have *begged* us to include pictorial features on fantasy subjects. But STARLOG is devoted to the world of science fiction, and FUTURE LIFE (the new title) covers the real hopes and progress of the human race. Rather than squeezing a few pages of fantasy into those magazines from time to time, we decided to launch a new publication whose *exclusive world* is the realm of monsters, aliens and bizarre creatures.

FANGORIA is much more than just another cheap monster magazine; each issue will include full-color art, media news, techniques of special effects and makeup, important interviews—the same high quality you have come to expect from other STARLOG publications. Our intention is for FANGORIA to be the first classy, professional, pictorial news magazine covering the world of fantasy.

FANGORIA is available at the same newsstands and book stores where you find STARLOG, FUTURE LIFE, and the SF COLOR POSTER BOOK series. There's also a special coupon in this issue that invites you to subscribe for one year at a discount rate.

Examine every page of our premiere issue, and send us your ideas, questions and criticisms so that we can shape our future editions into the kind of magazine *you* want. That's our goal. More than that, we want to shape FANGORIA into the kind of magazine that awakens your spirit of adventure and romance—and makes you feel like you can fly. . . .

Enjoy!

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

NEW FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF STARLOG

If you are a young filmmaker with a special interest in science fiction, special effects and the limitless magic of the cinema. . .

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE

CINEMAGIC

For several years CINEMAGIC has been one of the most popular and most important movie fanzines published, but like all fanzines, it has been very limited in distribution. People have heard of it, but most young filmmakers have never actually seen a copy. Back issues are expensive, rare collectors' items now. It's almost a mythical underground legend. . . like the lost continent of Atlantis.

But now that will change. The publishers of STARLOG have joined forces with Don Dohler, the originator of CINEMAGIC, in order to produce a new, exciting version of the magazine that will enjoy wide distribution (only by subscription and in collector shops—no newsstands!) and will include photo articles about pros as well as amateurs.

CINEMAGIC will feature full-color photos, diagrams and design art and will guide readers, step-by-step, through the challenging techniques of backyard moviemaking. CINEMAGIC is a must for everyone who enjoys behind-the-scenes film work and everyone who is aiming toward a professional career in any aspect of the movie world.

Published quarterly (4 times a year) CINEMAGIC is available by subscription and in limited local stores only!

To be certain that you do not miss out on a single data-packed issue of CINEMAGIC, we suggest that you send in your subscription order TODAY!!!

CINEMAGIC WILL FEATURE:

- Reviews of new equipment, lenses and optical gadgets for creating special effects!
- Readers' forum—letters and questions exchanging techniques and production secrets!
- Step-by-step illustrated articles detailing methods you can use to create visual effects, makeup and sound FX.
- Learn about exotic film stocks and special lab services beyond the corner drugstore.
- How to produce professional titles that move, change color, melt, sparkle, burst into flames, zoom into space. . . all for a few bucks!
- Tired of square screens? Learn about inexpensive lenses and devices to make your picture W-I-D-E-S-C-R-E-E-N
- Breakaway props for realistic fight scenes.
- Animation on your homemade stand.
- Build your own robots with electronic light effects.
- Make your own foam latex animation models, molds and armatures. . . and make them come alive!
- Glass paintings, matte box effects, split screens.
- Fantastic sets, spaceship control rooms, backyard landscapes. . . without blowing your budget!

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Between the pit of Man's fear and the summit of his knowledge exists a land populated by otherworldly creatures—science-fiction aliens, vampires, ghouls, radioactive monsters—beings beyond description. Their homeland is the realm of fantasy, and now, for the first time, comes a major magazine totally devoted to the many worlds of the

FANGORIA

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The Postal Zone

MAD AS FRAK

. . . *Battlestar Galactica* was voted Best New Show by the People's Choice Awards. We were enticed by the fantastic sets, special effects, costumes and fine actors only to have our loyalty paid off by having the show ripped away from us, unconcluded, as if we should just dismiss it from our memories and go on to the next TV offering. It's time we spoke out and told them we're tired of their numbers game—we're mad as frak and we won't take it anymore! Write ABC at 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. If anyone out there holds a demonstration, let me know. I want to be there. The Buck Rogers TV series will probably be a comedy-drama. Is that what we want?

Jim Dulko
Milford, CT

THANKS FOR WAITING

. . . for this, the premier issue of FANGORIA. After much delay, we've finally gotten all the kinks out and are busy working to bring you the finest magazine in the field of macabre fantasy on a regular bimonthly basis. We think you'll find that it was worth the wait!

JAGGER IN SPACE?

. . . Perhaps you folks can shed some light on what's going on in this piece from the *Chicago Sun Times* wherein Mick Jagger says, "I just turned down about $17 million to do a science-fiction movie called *The Black Hole*. It would have made a lot of money, but it was a terrible story." Now, what's going on? Is this the movie being made by Disney Studios? Isn't $17 million the total budget?

Liam Casey
Cicero, IL

According to Disney sources, Mr. Jagger seems to be in a state of confusion if he's talking about their film, The Black Hole. *That epic SF film, now in pre-production, stars Maximillian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, Yvette Mimieux and Ernest Borgnine. The script by Jeb Rosebrook and Gerry Day is considered a tight one. At this writing the budget will probably exceed $17 million. Look for a December '79 release.*

STAR WARS BANZAI

. . . I have just seen *633 Squadron*, a World War II melodrama about the Norwegian underground. The spectacular dogfight at the end was very, very similar to that of *Star Wars*. Because I know that the *Star Wars* dogfight was put together out of a close study of World Wars I and II movies, I wondered if *633 Squadron* was one of the movies they used for the *SW* dogfight.

Peter Stoller
Spring Valley, NY

According to Star Wars *sources, no segment of the film's dogfights was lifted directly from any one film. Rather, the* Star Wars *battles were based on an entire genre of films, the fighter pilot film. It was an overall "feel" they desired to recreate, not isolated dogfights.*

DRAGON DILEMMA

. . . I would like to know who did the animation of the two-headed dragon in *The Magic Sword*. If possible, I would like to see photos of the production and animation.

Pierre Befort
Montreal
Quebec, Canada

The two-headed dragon in The Magic Sword *wasn't an animated figure, Pierre, it was an oversized mock-up, according to the film's producer-director Bert I. Gordon. Two men operated the dragon from inside of its nine foot frame. A technician on the outside supplied the flames.*

THE WIZ A WOW

. . . How about a feature on the great musical *The Wiz*? I thought Michael Jackson was terrific as the scarecrow.

Veronica Raglan
New York, NY

Sorry, Veronica, we have no plans for a Wiz *feature at present. However, when Michael passed through New York recently, he had this to say to reporters about the rigors of scarecrowdom: "It was hard, making the movie. It took five months. We had to get up at four in the morning because it took three hours to put on my makeup. Sometimes I would go home in costume and makeup and the people would say, 'Trick or treat.' That was beautiful. I studied the character of the scarecrow. He's the person who's looking for something he already had. A lot of people think* The Wiz *is a child's story, but it's not. Heart and courage, and brain, 'Believe in Yourself,' that song, it really brings it up front. It's really strong."*

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Master of TV Time and Space

By DAVID HIRSCH

The Doctor and (clockwise) Axos the Daemon, a Silurian, an Ice Warrior, a Cyberman, a Sontaran, two Daleks and creator Davros, and a Sea Devil.

A British sensation makes its way to the United States . . . only 15 years after its debut.

PHOTOS: BBC-TV

Above: the Doctor and Leela are shocked by the not-so-warm reception they get upon the Doctor's return to his home planet Gallifrey in the episode "Invasion of Time." Left: struggling with the Zygons, the Doctor tries to stop them from unleashing their weapon, the Skarasen — the Loch Ness Monster in "Terror of the Zygons." Below left: the first three Doctors, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertween and William Hartnell.

Fifteen years ago, a British television legend was born. It all started, quite innocently enough when, in the series' first episode two schoolteachers followed a mysterious young girl back to her home. Instead of a house, though, they discovered that the girl appeared to live in a small, antique London police box with a crotchety old man she referred to as "Grandfather." Her abode was no ordinary London police box nor were the girl and her grandfather ordinary humans. In fact, they weren't humans at all.

The schoolteachers had stumbled upon a traveler of time and space, Dr. Who, his companion Susan and their time-and-space machine — the Tardis (Time and Relative Dimensions in Space). Before long, the schoolteachers were befriended by the strange pair and whisked away to strange and alien worlds where they found themselves battling Daleks, Sesorites, Zarbi and, at one point, Marco Polo.

Since that initial episode, the good doctor has encountered hordes of deadly enemies, other new acquaintances and some recurring foes. He has changed companions and even altered his appearance! Today's Dr. Who is no longer a grandfatherly oldster but, rather, a curly-haired vagabond. This fourth incarnation, as played by Tom Baker, is the most popular Who ever. (The preceding Whos were William Hartnell (1963-66), Patrick Troughton (1966-70), Jon Pertwee (1970-74).)

As a result, the *Dr. Who* series is currently enjoying a renewed popularity in Great Britain; a ratings renaissance that has finally led the good doctor and his armada of friends and foes to stateside TV.

As the longest-running science-fiction/fantasy series ever to hit television, the BBC-TV production has managed to survive while other programs with more money for special effects and big name stars have failed. In a large sense, *Dr. Who* owes its success to a talented cast and crew who use creativity instead of overripe budgets to create phantasmagoric spacescapes. Tom Baker and his cohorts have managed to carry off scenes that may have otherwise suffered from lack of money.

While many people see *Dr. Who* as a children's program (as it was originally intended), much of the show's English audience is made up of adults, and many of those adults who watched the series as children are now watching it with *their* children.

Owing to *Who's* phenomenal success, Time-Life has taken the first 98 half-hour segments of Baker's Doctor Who and syndicated them across the U.S. In some sections of the country it's being presented in a once-a-week, half-hour format, while in other areas it can be seen five days a week, sometimes twice a day.

Meanwhile, back in the U.K., BBC is currently running the newest series of adventures starring Baker and his latest companion, Lady Romana (Mary Tamm), a young woman who also happens to be a member of the doctor's race, The Time Lords.

At present, U.S. audience reaction to the series is overwhelming, thus assuring the doctor a stateside niche for years to come. And if U.S. *Doctor Who* fans feel cheated because they're missing the current U.K. series, not to worry; eventually the new Who will make his way over. After all, he *does* have all the time in the universe to make the voyage.

TOM SAVINI:
New Master of Magical Makeup

PHOTO COURTESY TOM SAVINI

Dawn of the Dead *employs some of the more gruesome, yet absolutely realistic, makeup effects ever seen on the screen. And unlike its predecessor,* Night of the Living Dead, Dawn *is in full color. Right: The dead live. Above: Savini works on* Deranged.

With only four films and over 70 stage productions to his credit, makeup artist, stuntman and actor Tom Savini is shock filmdom's newest rising star.

BY DAVID HUTCHISON

Tom Savini has three faces. He is a special-effects makeup artist, actor and stuntman. In *Dawn of the Dead*, George Romero's sequel to *Night of the Living Dead*, and Savini's most recent film effort, he appears as the motorcycle gang leader, Blade, performs various leaps and falls as a stuntman and is responsible for the creation and execution of the many startling special makeup effects for which the film is rapidly becoming famous.

Savini's first film assignment was Bob Clarke's *Dead of Night*, followed by Clarke's next film, *Deranged*. But he got his real start as a stage actor. "In fact, says Tom, "I got a telegram from George Romero about doing *Dawn of the Dead* while I was playing Philip of France in a produciton of *The Lion in Winter* for a theater in North Carolina."

The script for *Dawn* soon followed the telegram. After looking it over, Savini remembers being somewhat taken aback by the sheer quantity of special makeup effects required. Furthermore, the script called for a number of effects that Savini had not done before. "But," smiles Savini, "the fun part of what I do is inventing solutions to such problems. For example, I've never chopped the top of someone's head off with a whirling helicopter blade or driven a machete full force into someone's head."

But such problem solving is Savini's specialty. "Film is a truely magical medium. There's that blank frame and you can do *anything*. The audience is seeing everything through the eye of the camera. You can create illusions of reality—make people think they've

TOM SAVINI:
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BY DAVID HUTCHISON

Tom Savini has three faces. He is a special-effects makeup artist, actor and stuntman. In *Dawn of the Dead*, George Romero's sequel to *Night of the Living Dead*, and Savini's most recent film effort, he appears as the motorcycle gang leader, Blade, performs various leaps and falls as a stuntman and is responsible for the creation and execution of the many startling special makeup effects for which the film is rapidly becoming famous.

Savini's first film assignment was Bob Clarke's *Dead of Night*, followed by Clarke's next film, *Deranged*. But he got his real start as a stage actor. "In fact, says Tom, "I got a telegram from George Romero about doing *Dawn of the Dead* while I was playing Philip of France in a production of *The Lion in Winter* for a theater in North Carolina."

The script for *Dawn* soon followed the telegram. After looking it over, Savini remembers being somewhat taken aback by the sheer quantity of special makeup effects required. Furthermore, the script called for a number of effects that Savini had not done before. "But," smiles Savini, "the fun part of what I do is inventing solutions to such problems. For example, I've never chopped the top of someone's head off with a whirling helicopter blade or driven a machete full force into someone's head."

But such problem solving is Savini's specialty. "Film is a truely magical medium. There's that blank frame and you can do *anything*. The audience is seeing everything through the eye of the camera. You can create illusions of reality—make people think they've seen things that they *really* haven't . . . like blowing a guy's head off with a shotgun.

"Creating these illusions for George Romero is fun, because he likes everything to happen right on camera. If somebody is going to have a machete stuck through his head, he doesn't cut away before the blow hits and cut to a shot of the bloody remains. He likes the thing to happen from beginning to end —the guy picks up the machete, raises it, then *whap* right into the head with the blade . . . and on camera!

"Or the helicopter blade cutting off the top of the zombie's head. It would have been easy to do a shot with the real guy standing next to the helicopter and cut to a shot of the dummy with the chopper blade physically swung into the dummy's head. But George wanted the real guy to just stand up right into the whirling blade and then *whacko*, off it goes!"

Finding actors willing to perform such stunts is not as difficult as it might seem. For the helicopter shot Savini happened across an old friend he had not seen in a number of years. "I just ran up to him and asked him if he wanted to be in a movie. I've got an effect here, which involves you getting your head chopped off with a helicopter blade.' My friend's response was, 'Yeah, Great!'

"I guess he trusted me," reflects Savini.

"I've seen the finished film several times now and the helicopter effect almost always gets applause. Why the audience should applaud there I'm not quite sure. Is it the effect or just the fact that a zombie is getting it without our hero having to do anything?"

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PHOTOS: ©1978 THE LAUREL GROUP

Above all else, Tom Savini appreciates George Romero for his wanting effects, no matter how gory they may look, to be completely believable. This exploding head scene comes during the film's first 10 minutes.

"In North Carolina, after I got back from Vietnam (I enlisted in the Army), I became the makeup director for three theaters. I also acted, doing a show every two months for five or six years. The more I acted, the better I got, until I was playing leads."

Savini has been seen in a wide variety roles in all kinds of productions, from King Arthur in *Camelot* to Thoreau in *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail*. "I was playing ugly stepsisters in *Cinderella* or even Charlie Brown in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. Eventually I came to Pittsburg and auditioned for Carnegie-Mellon. They gave me a full scholarship as an acting major, while I taught their makeup course. It was not long after that I started with George Romero on *Martin*."

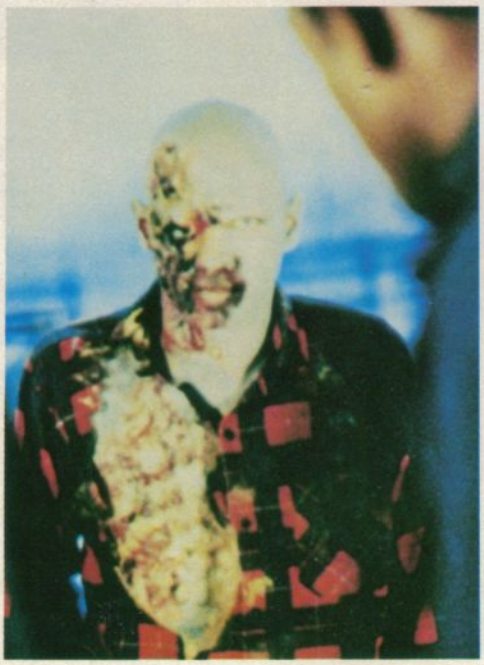
Does he like acting better than makeup? "Well, the combination has been a great asset. This technical skill I have as a makeup artist and a stuntman gets me into places to see people that just being an actor wouldn't get me."

fects. I usually wait for the shotgun sequence. When the guys head gets blown apart, the whole audience screams and jumps out of their seats. From that moment on, the audience knows what it's in for."

Was an effort made to have the effects appear as gory as possible? "No," says Savini, "it just turned out that way. A lot of times I would be sitting around with the crew trying to think of new ways to kill people. Some of the ideas found their way into the film. For example, one of the heros is struggling with a zombie janitor. He gets a grip on a screwdriver from the zombie's tool belt and drives the end of it through his ear and into his brain . . . and it happens right on camera!"

Savini's solution for this sequence was simple and ingenious. "I painted an ordinary soda straw silver and rigged it into a screwdriver that had been cut in half so it would function like a retractable blade. Then I put a syringe, like a baby's ear syringe, down into the straw. The 'blood' flowed through the straw and looked like it was coming out of his ear. Then I rigged a second, smaller screwdriver with a ball of wax into the actor's ear, so it would stay there, sticking out of his ear, and look like most of the blade was buried in his brain."

There are a lot of sequences in which zombies are biting people. "I guess the biting effects turned out better than I had expected—surprisingly. The crew on the set even reacted to those. After the first takes were done in which a zombie takes a bite out of a person and you see torn flesh and flowing blood, there was this long sigh from the crew and then applause. People came up to me saying it was the best effects they had ever seen!"



Says Savini: "The fun part is in inventing solutions to problems. You can create illusions of reality—make people see things that they really haven't. . . "

Tom Savini's interest in makeup began at age 13 when he happened to catch James Cagney in *The Man of 1000 Faces*—the life story of the legendary Lon Chaney. "I started putting together my own makeup kit, asking my mother for lipsticks, compacts, etc. I was always up in my room screwing up my face," laughs Savini. "Eventually, I started buying books on the subject, getting professional materials and started making money at it.

His person idol is Dick Smith, whom Savini admires as "the master and god of prosthetic makeup. I've read everything about him that's been published. I even studied the photos of his workshop with a magnifying glass!"

Tom Savini is a truely unique combination of talents, of whom it would be well to keep an eye on in the future. As one of the admiring crew members on *Dawn* puts it, "I want your autograph, you're going to be famous!"

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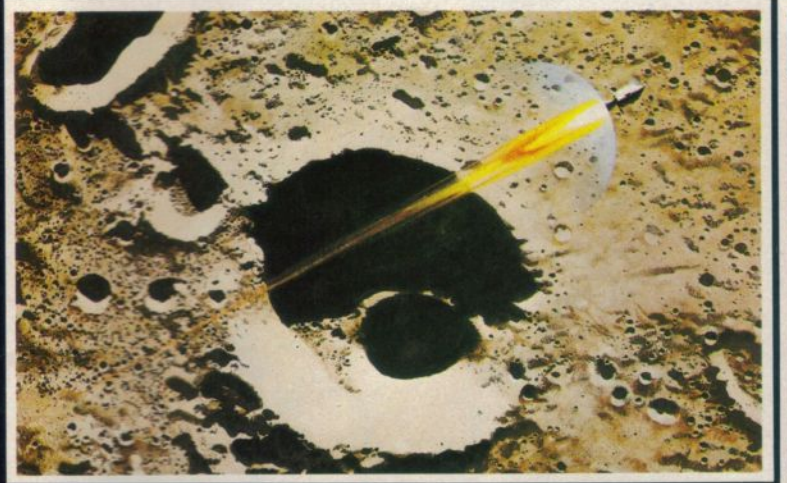

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Monster No More!

By ROSCOE POUND

PHOTO: © 1958 UNIVERSAL

After over two decades of typecasting, Christopher Lee celebrates his triumphant farewell to monsterdom in this exclusive interview.

Above: in Space: 1999*'s "Earthbound" episode, Christopher Lee portrayed Zandor, an alien. Left: in the classic* Horror of Dracula, *Lee achieved monstrous status as the vampire king.*

His face looms menacingly in my memory. First a horribly scarred visage rises up, like an advanced case of terminal acne. It is Christopher Lee, in his first groundbreaking role, as the inhuman monster in *Curse of Frankenstein*. Next came an even more horrible vision: cold red eyes staring out of an inhumanly evil face; the thin, white, bloodless lips, drawn out in a bloodthirsty smile, revealing two long, sharp, wet canine teeth. It is the part Christopher Lee's American reputation is based on. It is a role he returned to eight times. It is the Prince of Darkness himself, Count Dracula.

Or should I say *was*, because the Christopher Lee of 1979 is nothing like the brutal recollections anyone who has seen his performances for England's Hammer Studio would recall. As the tall, cultured Britisher, now residing in America, creates his latest role in *Arabian Adventure* for producer John Dark and director Kevin Connor, other performances superscede his image as a monster maker. Although he plays an evil sorcerer in this Arabian Nights fantasy, he displays such ready talent and obvious breeding that to pigeon-hole the man as a horror actor suddenly seems ridiculous.

Back in his dressing room at England's Pinewood Studios, Christopher Lee, resplendent in his black wizard robes, laughs when his earlier work is mentioned. "I was unquestionably typecast," he easily admits. "Although, altogether, horror films only constitute 10 percent of my entire career, they made such an impact that people automatically associate me with that kind of film. It's because of the success of that kind of film all over the world that I had to pay the penalty of typecasting. But, alas, one must suffer to be beautiful."

The actor's grin gives evidence to his sardonic remark, but, for a period of almost 12 years, it was no laughing matter. After the huge mark his classic *Horror of Dracula* made on the genre in 1958, Lee's performances were relegated, almost exclusively, to the horror genre, even though he did not play the vampire role again until 1966. Between fang times, he enacted *The Mummy* in Hammer's 1959 version, a vicious oriental villain in *The Terror of the Tongs*, a murdering French pirate in *The Pirates of Blood River* and many other roles in England and elsewhere abroad, all giving new meaning to the word nasty.

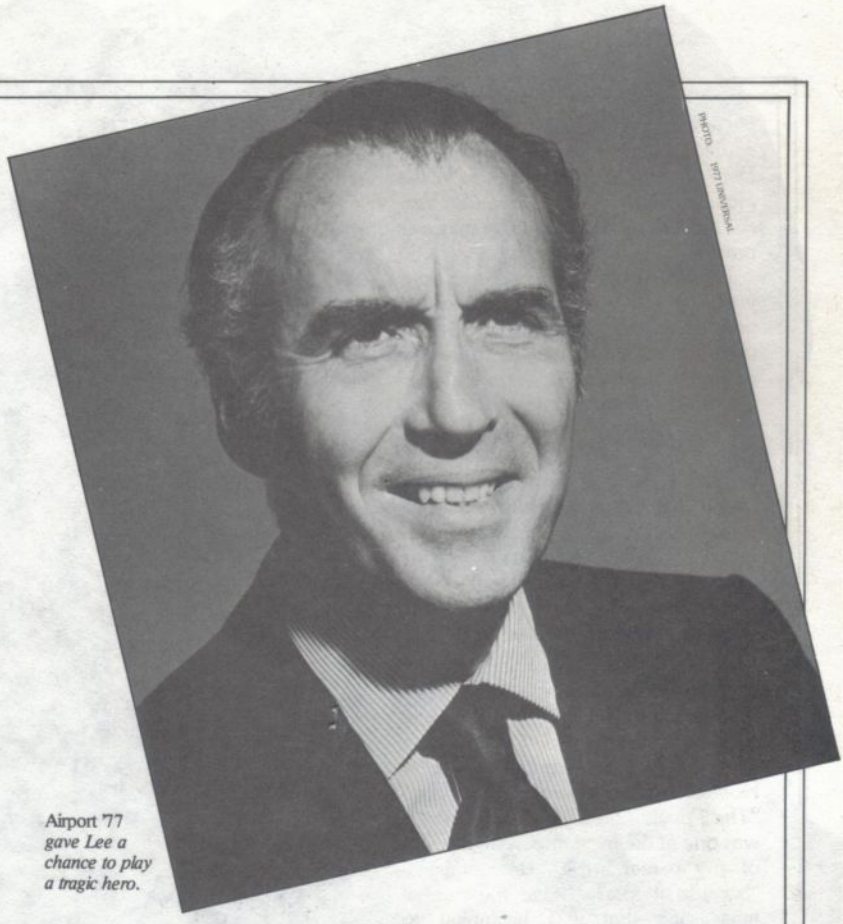

PHOTO - 1977 UNIVERSAL

Airport '77 *gave Lee a chance to play a tragic hero.*

"Sadly, at the time," Lee recalls, "I found myself frustrated because casting, especially in England, was extremely conservative, very cautious and enormously competitive. I was getting stuck; there was absolutely no question about it. People would make the most fatuous remarks about how they couldn't use Christopher Lee in their film because everyone would think it was one of *those* movies. It was extremely limited thinking and extremely limiting for me."

Unfortunately, an actor's lot dictated to the talented thespian that he must eat, so, with the combined urging of Hammer Studio and a new generation of American horror fans, Lee returned to the part which gave him the most notoriety — the world-famous vampire, Dracula. As he went from *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* to *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* to *Taste the Blood of Dracula* to *Scars of Dracula* to *Dracula AD 1972* to, finally, *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* (recently re-released as *Count Dracula and his Vampire Bride*), the quality of the series plummeted and Lee's dissatisfaction with his career soared.

"You know, I'm not sure my American fans were right in . . . let me put it this way . . . proclaiming me the successor to the likes of Karloff and Lugosi. Well, Karloff and Lugosi were two giants, so there is nothing wrong with being in that company, but let's be honest, there were a great many more who escaped the horror stigma. I would like, if I may, to add the immortal name of Lon Chaney, the greatest of them all. Then there was Frederic March, Lionel and John Barrymore, Conrad Viedt and others. The list is enormous!"

Enormous, too, was Lee's certainty that he would escape the penalty of typecasting sooner or later. Meanwhile, he continued to star in features that he may have felt were, on the whole, inferior. But he never allowed the size of the budget or the talent around him to affect his performance.

PHOTO - ITC

He continued to deliver the best he could in pictures like *I, Monster, The Devil Rides Out* and *Hercules in the Haunted World*, retitled *Hercules Versus the Vampires* to capitalize on Lee's presence.

Happily, along the way, the actor was also able to portray some of the greatest characters in literature, among them Rasputin, Fu Manchu (in a series of Hammer adventures) and the great detective Sherlock Holmes in a German film based on *The Valley of Fear*. Lee, the son of a globe-trotting ambassador, speaks many foreign languages fluently, making him a popular actor in France, Italy, Germany and elsewhere. But it was the latter role, as England's greatest private eye, that was to be especially telling when the year 1970 rolled around.

"I think I am the only actor in history to play both of Holmes' brothers," Lee pronounces proudly. And he has good reason to be proud, considering what the performance as the second Holmes brother, Mycroft, did for him. "*The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* was one of the most important pictures of my career," the actor explains, "because it totally broke the ring of typecasting that was beginning to choke me. The role of Mycroft, who, you will remember, Sherlock called 'the brains of the family' in the A. Conan Doyle books, totally, unequivocally broke it. I shall always be enormously grateful to Billy Wilder for casting me. Really, if Billy Wilder, one of the great directors in the history of cinema can say, 'I'm not interested in what this actor *has* done, I'm only interested in whether he suits *this* part in *my* picture,' well, that's good enough for almost any director in the world."

And indeed, that movie seemed to do the trick, for while it didn't light any American box-office fires, Christopher Lee's subsequent roles, though still villainous, were cads of an entirely different stamp and caliber.

"You go from *The Wicker Man*, probably one of the finest things I've done anywhere in any film, to *The Three Musketeers* and *The Four Musketeers*, two big, hugely popular

PHOTOS: © UNIVERSAL, COLUMBIA, ITC, WARNER BROTHERS, 7 ARTS, JOHN DARK, KEVIN CONNER PRODUCTIONS

Chris Lee as (clockwise from upper left) The Mummy, *Fu Manchu,* The Curse of Frankenstein, *Dracula,* Space 1999*'s Zandor,* Arabian Adventure*'s sorcerer, Dr. Hildern in* The Creeping Flesh *and Kharis in Hammer's* The Mummy.

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Above: I, Monster *evil doings. Right: the* Horror of Dracula *lives!*

films, then James Bond, playing *The Man With the Golden Gun*. I continued along the path of non-righteousness, but there are so many shades to villainy. Mycroft and Rochefort, in *Musketeers*, were sardonic. Scaramanga, 007's nemesis, was charming. Lucifer, in *Poor Devil*, a television film I did, was amusing. So, you see, there are enormous variations in villainy."

And enormous rewards as well. Although still primarily pegged as a horror heavy, Lee's reputation started changing, most noticeably among the very factions that had previously loved him only as a vampire—the American public. Answering the casting call of that muse, Christopher Lee moved and settled down in California.

"And what is the first thing I'm asked to do in America?" Lee asks, relishing the memory. "Die a heroic death and save everybody in *Airport '77*. As it turned out, I nearly did that in reality. You try floating by a window underwater with your eyes open, 90 seconds at a time, over and over. It wasn't easy, believe me. But it was worth it."

Not only was Lee much in demand in this country, but after appearing in two minor science-fiction offerings, *End of the World* and *Starship Invasions*, he found he no longer had to depend on low-budget genre pictures to insure his livelihood.

"Even those two efforts were largely made on the basis of misconceptions," Lee admits. "I was assured certain things that weren't true. Otherwise, those productions really are not worth discussing."

What was worth discussing, as far as the actor was concerned, was his newly formed regard, created by the recent infusion of young talent in Hollywood, the very same people who had enjoyed his riveting horrific performances of the 60s.

"I now quote a senior executive of one of the major American studios," Lee declares. " 'You are now the successor and the *only* successor to Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone and George Saunders.' I reckon I'm in pretty good company, don't you think? Thankfully, things are changing for me and the industry. A new breed of highly imaginative producers and directors is coming in."

Evidence of Lee's belief was a short time in coming. A performance that he considers, all told, the most important thing that has ever happened to him occurred last year; not on any theatrical stage or movie screen, but on television.

"*Saturday Night Live*," Lee reveals. "A comedy, repeated on the network after two months. The first telecast got a rating of 36 and the rerun got 33 or 34. Which means that somewhere in the region of 50-55 million people saw me do that show. And they didn't switch off. It was the most important thing that ever happened to me because it showed the American public and the American film industry that I am capable of doing comedy. Actual-

(continued on page 66)

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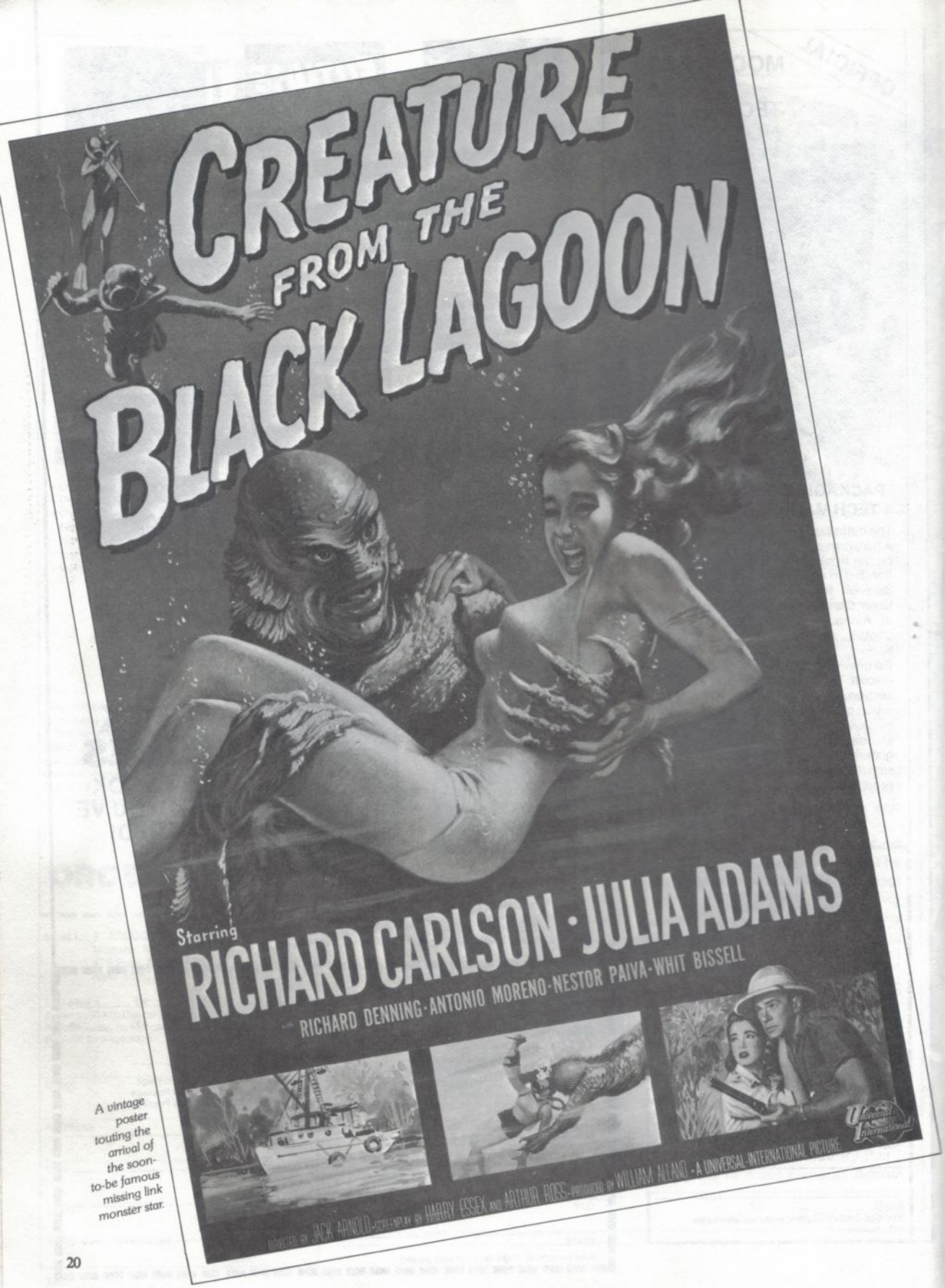
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A vintage poster touting the arrival of the soon-to-be famous missing link monster star.

An Amazing Amazon Adventure

Twenty-five years ago, Universal felt the need to unleash a new monster to compete with the likes of Dracula and Frankenstein. Delving into the Amazon jungle, they came up with The Creature from the Black Lagoon, *a finned fury that stalked its prey in 3-D!*

By SUE ROY and AL TAYLOR

The year was 1953 and Universal-International producer William Alland was becoming increasingly immeshed in the great science-fiction boom. The post-World War II days of Hollywood was producing Moon landings, Martian invasions and assorted movie mutants. And Alland was caught up in the middle of it. Committed to helming the imaginative *It Came from Outer Space* for Universal, Alland spent his spare time trying to come up with a *new* celluloid angle for science-fiction films; an angle that would prove as charismatic for Universal in the 50s as their monster films had during the 30s and early 40s.

Somehow Alland had to produce an SF menace that could stand on its own alongside the larger-than-life legends of Frankenstein, Dracula and The Wolfman. Toying with a fairly ambiguous Amazon River legend, Alland began to envision his potential star: part man, part fish, a missing link of sorts, the descendant of an ancient African monster who reigned beneath the waves.

With that type of personality in mind, Alland approached Bud Westmore, then head of Universal's makeup department. Westmore's task was to come up with a convincing, totally terrifying creature that would be worthy of an SF shock script. Westmore and the team of Jack Kevan, Chris Mueller and Bob Hickman began to work, eventually coming up with a slimy green creature, humanoid in appearance yet reptilian in nature. . . the gill-man.

Alland was enormously pleased with

ALL PHOTOS: © UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

Athlete Ricou Browning described his role as "like swimming in an overcoat."

the visual representation of his nightmarish denizen of the deep. While working on *It Came from Outer Space*, he assigned Harry Essex and Arthur Ross to write the screenplay for the proposed film. In an attempt to prove the shock value of his newly formulated friend, Alland allowed the Creature to make its screen debut in a twenty-minute short entitled *Abbot and Costello Meet the Creature*, released in 1953. That same year, *It Came from Outer Space* proved a box office hit, thus establishing the combination of producer Alland and director Jack (*The Incredible Shrinking Man*) Arnold as science-fiction exponents par excellance. Universal gave the go-ahead for the first Creature feature to be filmed in 3-D. The rest is soggy history. . . history worth repeating.

Webbed Hands in the Sunset

The fossilized remains of a web-fingered hand is discovered by Carl Maia (Antonio Moreno) along the banks of the Amazon River. The scientific world is astounded by the find. Anthropologists Dr. David Reed (Richard Carlson), Dr. Mark Williams (Richard Denning), Kay Lawrence (Julia Adams) and Dr. Edwin Thompson (Whit Bissell) set out with Maia to discover the secret of the mysterious hand and search for remaining skeletal parts.

What they discover is not ancient remains, but rather the contemporary remains of Maia's associates, strewn about the campsite they had steadfastly been guarding for the arriving scientists. Horrified as they are by the mass murder, the anthropologists continue with their mission. Boarding a tramp steamer run by Captain Lucas (Nestor Paiva), they trudge down river. Little do they suspect that their every move is being watched by an amphibian beast. . . a direct descendant of a mighty underwater race, a race which the scientists consider to be long extinct.

After a short voyage, the crew reaches the forboding Black Lagoon, the spot where the scientists believe more fossils will be found. Drs. Reed and Williams, donning scuba gear, do some underwater exploring while Kay opts for some sunbathing. The Creature, after quite a few years alone in the

The swamp-dwelling Creature makes an unexpected appearance aboard a shipful of dedicated scientists. Ricou Browning played the underwater denizen, Ben Chapman was the monster on land.

lagoon, finds Kay's actions more appealing than the scuba divers' and decides to ogle from afar. When Kay takes a casual dip in the steaming water, the Creature closes the peeping gap a bit, mirroring her every aquatic movement from below in a scene resembling a haunting horrific underwater ballet. The Creature spies on the party unseen until it accidentally entangles itself in the boat's mesh netting. It escapes. Battle lines are drawn—the present vs. the past, human vs. monster in a struggle for survival in the Black Lagoon.

Reed is determined to capture the beast alive in an attempt to study evolutionary processes. Williams, however, wouldn't mind coming back with a Creature carcass. Dead or alive, the Creature will bring fame and fortune to its captor. Stalking the beast (while the Creature, in turn, stalks the scientists), Williams succeeds in spear-gunning it. The monster vents its anger on a hapless crewman nearby who loses his life at the webbed hands of the gill-man.

Once the Creature retreats into the murky depths of his watery home, the scientists re-evaluate their strategy, deciding to paralyze the reptilian beast with a shot of "rotonone," a native poison. The gill-man is thus rendered harmless and is imprisoned in an oversized fish tank onboard the ship.

Not one to respect the rules of modern science, the prehistoric beast breaks out of his tranquil state faster than expected, breaks loose from his bonds and seriously injures the dedicated Dr. Thompson. Diving overboard, the Creature finds itself consumed by the primordial desire for revenge. It shall return! In turn, Dr. Reed does some primordial reckoning of his own, realizing that the best way to insure survival in the battle with the beast is to flee the lagoon. The doctor wheels the ship around attempting to leave the accursed waters but finds the way blocked by a strategically placed tree. The enormous log is firmly moored across the narrow, and only, exit from the lagoon.

The desperate adventurers attempt to lift the log out of the water by using the ship's winch. The Creature, however, unhooks it. Drs. Reed and Williams dive into the water in an attempt to both rehook the winch and remove the log. While Reed struggles with the problems at hand, Williams decides to take one

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Top of page: makeup master Bud Westmore poses with the creature's creator, Jack Kevan (who was paid two weeks extra salary for his creativity). Above: Ricou and Kevan, the finished Creature.

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Reed, who is also thinking of Kay in romantic terms, dons scuba gear and pursues the fleeing, finned thing. Reed surfaces in the grotto. He spies Kay sprawled on a rock. The Creature is nowhere to be seen. Speargun in hand, the scientist approaches his love. She's not moving. Is she dead? Reed puts down his speargun and revives the unconscious woman. With his weapon out of reach, Reed suddenly becomes aware of a shadowy movement behind him. The Creature attacks! Reed bounces a rock off the thing's chest ineffectively. The Creature lifts the man as if he were a toy. Reed slashes helplessly at the beast with a drawn knife. All seems lost . . . Then . . .

A shot rings out. Another. Then another. The Creature drops Reed and turns to the above-ground entrance of the cave. There stands Captain Lucas and his party, armed with rifles. The monster weaves between the woman he desires and the exit to the cave. Lucas and his men fire repeatedly. The bullet-riddled Creature takes one last look at Kay and slowly, painfully, makes his way to the water. He dives into his aquatic habitat, sinking gracefully in a tangle of seaweed to the ocean's floor. The Creature, survivor of centuries of evolution, is no more . . . destroyed by modern devices.

The Face Behind the Fins

"It was like swimming in your overcoat," recalls stuntman/actor/director Ricou Browning, the man who played the finned fury. "They made one suit first and it was rejected." That initial design turned out to be simpler, lighter and less cumbersome than the one used by Browning. Browning was a Florida State University student when the *Black Lagoon* film team began scouting for locations. Acting as an advisor for some of the local location shooting, Browning eventually tried out for the role of the Creature.

Director Jack Arnold was impressed

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with the boy's swimming skills and Browning got the underwater role while Ben Chapman portrayed the Creature on land. Browning was surprised at getting such a prestigious position. Originally the role of the monster was being tailored for Glenn Strange, the character actor famous for his monster role in *House of Frankenstein* and *House of Dracula*. Strange's aquatic skills, however, proved to be equally as clumsy as the Frankenstein monster's and, so, the landlubbing actor was scratched from consideration.

There were times during the shooting of the film when Browning wished Strange had been better at treading water. The young film novice found the movie to be a gallery of horrors. He had to literally *become* the Creature. Jack Kevan sprayed a synthetic rubber, neoprene, over Browning's head in order to sculpt the Creature's skull. In the meantime, a complete body cast was being made to serve as a base for Creature construction. A mold was later created and the skintight suit was built. Pieces had to be tried on the fledgling actor, then taken off, reworked, reapplied, taken off, reworked, ad infinitum. The finally completed Creature suit cost $12,000 by the end of the ordeal.

The finished suit was a one-piece affair, entered through a back opening which zipped and snapped closed. The webbed hands, feet and head were all separate parts which also zipped and snapped on. "There wasn't room for a face mask under the head appliance," Browning shudders. "In other words, I didn't have the distance from my nose to the monster head to wear one. I tried to use goggles, but you can't clear water out of them like you can with a face mask. Also, your vision is somewhat distorted. I wound up using no underwater protection. I just used my eyes to see.

"The eye of the Creature, I would guess, sat about an inch from my own. It was like looking through a keyhole, but from a distance. I was limited in what I could see. One of the most difficult things was trying to see where I was going while attempting to maneuver."

The Creature's movements were also impaired by the addition of lead chest, leg and waist pieces designed to keep the buoyant latex suit submerged. "It was all difficult swimming," Browning states, "but I had excellent safety men. I depended on them for my air. We used an air hose similar to the ones used at Wiki Waki Springs for their underwater shows. There wasn't enough room to put a tank and an Aqua-lung in my suit. Once in the water, my head appliance became skintight. But it was pliable. If I overacted, distorting my head movements, the face seemed to move with me. I also had a squeeze bulb to work the Creature's gills above the throat."

The actual shooting of the film called for entire days to be spent underwater. Director Arnold attempted to work in as shallow a body of water as possible, but there were always dangers. "I would start the scene breathing from the air hose through the actual mouth of the Creature," Browning relates. "I would then do the scene or the swim-through and a safety man would pick me up on the other side and give me air. If I just went limp and relaxed, then they knew to give me air *immediately*. They were all very good people. I knew I could depend on them."

When the perils of the deep weren't plaguing the battered Browning, he was assaulted by the above-water world. In between scenes, the latex-encased athlete would often have to stand for long stretches in the hot Sun while the crew set up. The scaly skin would turn into a sweat suit as a result. After toughing it out in the humid weather, Browning would then eagerly dive into his next water-logged scene . . . with sometimes surprising results. "During the shooting done in the winter, the water temperature was just a little bit *too* cool for cooling off. You never had a happy medium. It was just a matter of getting the job done. I remember one time when we were shooting at Wakulla Springs and everyone was trying to be very nice to me when I came out of the water because it was such a struggle. They'd give me a little shot of brandy. Well, then everyone got *too* nice and I was getting a few too many shots of brandy. I had to cut it out before we had one drunk Creature down there!"

Despit the grueling shooting schedule of *The Creature*, Browning and the crew had their share of humorous incidents too. At one point, in fact, the Creature got into a tug-of-war with one of nature's real-life water dwellers. "We were shooting a scene at Marineland," Browning says. "I had just gotten down to the bottom when I felt something tuggig at my leg. I thought it was one of the guys clowning around at first, but then I saw a turtle swimming away with my Creature foot! This turtle had bitten off the heel of the foot. We were at the stage where we didn't have any extra feet so Jack Kevan and another guy chased the turtle down and got the piece back.

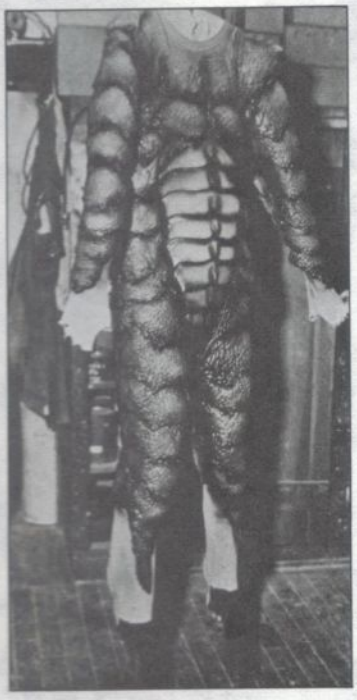
Released in 1954 in the expensive, Polaroid 3-D process, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* proved a box-

(continued on page 48)

Where Is He Now?

It's been 25 years since the gill-man made his first appearance on the screen. Now, decades after his stardom, where is the latex rubber prehistoric beast? Just where he belongs: in Forry Ackerman's massive SF collection in Los Angeles. How Forry came to be the Creature's keeper, however, is quite a tale.

"After the last movie of the series," Forry recounts, "Universal threw out the suit. A janitor found it and thought, 'Gee, my kid would like this.' He brought it home to his son who used it for Halloween. When he got tired of it, he sold it to a neighborhood boy for $5! When I found out about this I called up the boy and said, 'Hey kid, how'd ya like to double your investment?' He laughed and said that he'd like to keep the suit for himself but, as soon as he got tired of it, he'd give it to me for free. Well, I sweated for a year or so but, sure enough, he showed up one day out of the blue with the suit. He gave it to me for the collection. It's still here in perfect condition."



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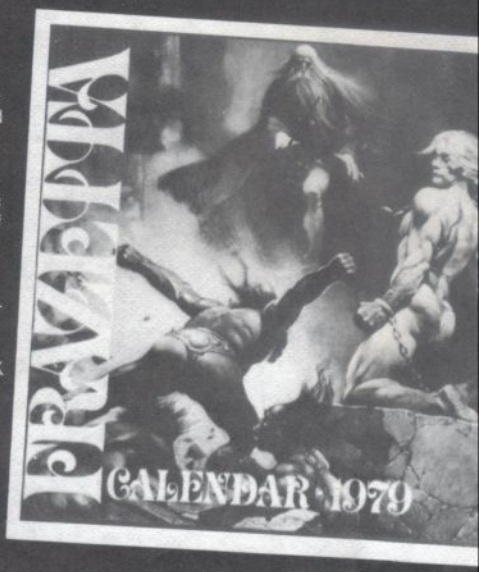

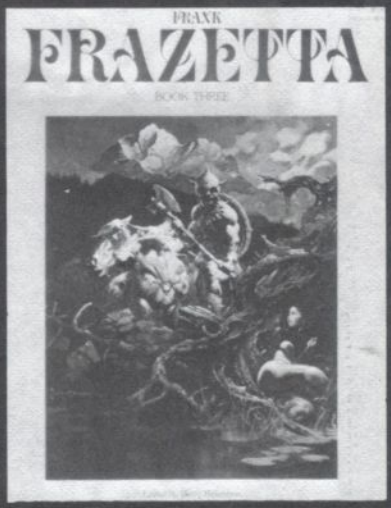

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The New Wolfman

Grits and Growls

"Even a man who is pure of heart
And says his prayers by night
May become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms
And the moon is full and bright. . .

By TERRY MCGINNIS

Back in 1941, hapless Larry Talbot (Lon Chaney Jr.) listened with dread to the Transylvanian poem that predicted his destiny. Talbot, after a heroic battle with an ominous wolf, became one of Universal Picture's biggest horror stars . . . *The Wolfman*. A series of pictures featuring Chaney as the lycanthrope flourished in the 40s before the legend lapsed into disuse for the next three decades, rearing its head for such occasional thrillers as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf, Curse of the Werewolf* and *Werewolf in a Girl's Dormitory*.

Now, the werewolf legend in all its Gothic splendor is back via Earl Owensby's *The Wolfman*, a tale of terror that transplants the Transylvanian horror into 1910 Georgia. Described as "a cinematic study in classic horror," the film follows the misadventures of Colin Glasgow (Earl Owensby), a stalwart lad who becomes heir to the "Devil's Curse."

Colin's father, on his deathbed, is stabbed to death by the silver-dagger-wielding Rev. Leonard (Ed L. Grady), while blase relatives look on. Arriving for the funeral, Colin is informed by family attorney Ewan Rowe that Glasgow Sr. died of a heart attack.

At the family manor, Colin is overwhelmed by the strange demeanor of the household. He is greeted by the towering family butler, Luthor (Victor Smith), who is a less-than-gregarious type. Uncle Clement (Richard Dedmon) and Aunt Elizabeth (Maggie Lauterer) are slightly deranged in the head area and Grandmother (Helene Tryon) is so far 'round the bend mentally that she is kept in a locked bedroom upstairs.

At the funeral, Colin meets Lynn Randolph (Kristina Reynolds), his childhood sweetheart. She responds to his curiosity about the degeneration of his family with hesitation. Following the funeral, Colin learns that, according to the will left by his father, he will inherit everything . . . providing that he remains in the manor for one month.

Meanwhile, Colin learns from a few old friends that the Glasgow family is now hated by the citizens of the nearby village. They are suspected of carrying a family curse that has resulted in the violent death of many townspeople. To the logical Colin, all this talk of superstition and insanity makes no sense. He breaks into his grandmother's room and finds her sitting, relaxed, and perfectly healthy.

She warns him that there is a curse on the Glasgow family . . . the curse of the werewolf! Colin's father was a lycanthrope and, now, Colin is doomed as well. She tells the skeptical Colin to dig up his father's grave for corroboration. He'll see the mark of the werewolf . . . elongated index fingers. Colin relocks the old lady in her room, thinking her totally insane.

At this point, however, he begins having nightmares, envisioning Rev. Leonard knifing his father with a silver dagger and seeing sweetheart Lynn being attacked by wild wolves. Determined to get to the bottom of the curse, Colin begins to dig up his father's grave by Moonlight. He is attacked by a deranged wolf.

The following evening, Colin is transformed into a werewolf. The curse has continued. Time passes. As the victims of the wolfman's lust for flesh mount in the nearby village, Colin pleads with Lynn and friendly Dr. Tate (Sid Rancer) to help him end the curse. Before their unbelieving eyes, he turns into a wolfman.

The next day, Tate and Lynn confirm the fact that Colin has been murdering local residents under the curse of the lycanthrope. They surmise that the curse is the work of Reverend Leonard, who is not a man of the cloth but, in reality, a disciple of the devil. Tate, Lynn and Colin vow to find Leonard and end the curse. At this point, however, a local posse enters the scene, with bloodhounds braying. Colin attempts to escape, but is cornered and captured.

In jail, Colin tells his wolfman story while Tate and Lynn corner Rev. Leonard in his secluded hideout miles away. As dusk approaches, Leonard stabs Tate and kidnaps Lynn. He is going to kill the only people who know the truth about his secret life.

Back at the police station, Colin finishes his tale of woe. The captain tells one of his men to find Rev. Leonard for questioning. The officer says he saw the reverend and Lynn headed for the mansion. A strange look appears on Colin's face. He jumps up, knocking his captors out of the way, and flees the police station, the police in pursuit.

At the manor, Leonard plans to kill Lynn. Colin sprints through the woods, heading for the homestead. Rev. Leonard raises his knife. Colin reaches the house. The Sun sets. The full Moon emerges from behind the clouds. The police make their way onto the Glasgow grounds . . .

Suffice to say that the grand finale to this low-budgeted, high-spirited film is a howl; something that Lon Chaney would appreciate and lycanthrope lovers worldwide will relish. 1979's answer to the classic horror films of decades ago will not disappoint vintage violence fans. In an era of Concorde jets, germ warfare and super-scientific achievement, there's still nothing more awesome than the unleashed power of *The Wolfman*.

Earl Owensby as Colin Glasgow battles a family curse. . . premature five o'clock shadow.

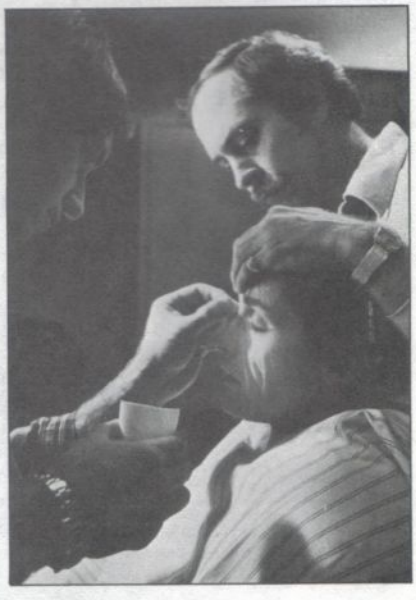
ALL PHOTOS © 1979 AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

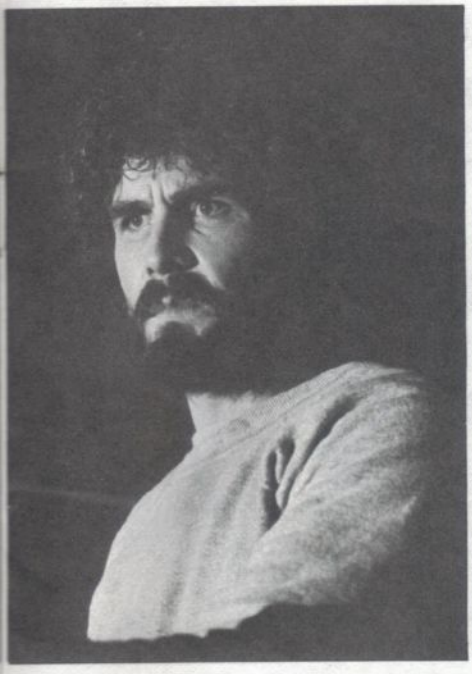
THE AMITYVILLE HORROR:

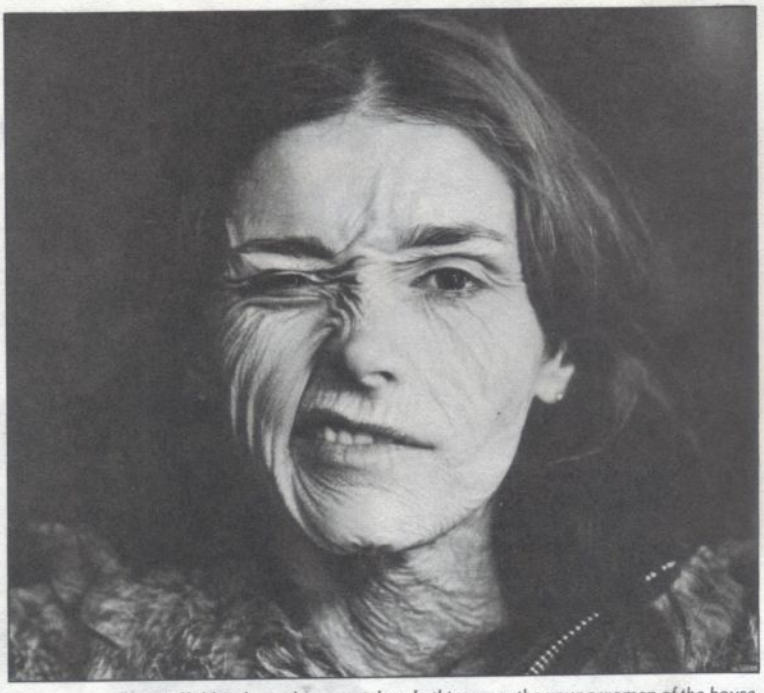
REAL OR REEL?

By day, a warm comfortable-looking residence in sylvan setting in the small community of Amityville, L.I. But the "dream house" which the Lutzes bought for a song becomes a leering monster at night. The horrifying house is the star of American International's new thriller, *The Amityville Horror*, based on the non-fiction best-seller of the same name by Jay Anson. Starring James Brolin, Margot Kidder and Rod Steiger, *Horror* is directed by Stuart Rosenberg from a screenplay by Sandor Stern.

Trapped in a home supposedly possessed by a murderous, ghostly presence, the Lutz family undergoes changes. Top of page, left: James Brolin encounters ooze behind a wall. Top right: Good vs. evil. Left: The Lutzes flee the house as all hell breaks loose . . . literally. Right: Margot Kidder is made up for a premature aging shot in the film.







Above: Kidder clowns between takes. In this scene, the young woman of the house, Kathleen Lutz, is drained of her youth by the powers of her home. Left: The house of horror itself, the scene of a multiple murder. In real life, the Lutzes moved into their dream house in December of 1975. Tormented by a series of inexplicable events and convinced that their home was possessed by evil spirits, the Lutz family fled for their lives after just 28 days in the house. Below left: Behind the basement wall lies psychic horror. Below: Rod Steiger is Father Delaney, the troubled priest who tries to help and falls victim to the house's evil power.

Twenty-five Years with Godzilla

PHOTO: © 1954 GODZILLA RELEASING CORP

A quarter of a century ago, Japan unearthed a titanic radioactive reptile and a star was born. . . and reborn over a period of 25 years, in 15 motion pictures. Here, for the first time, is the in-depth history of The King of the Monsters. . . Godzilla.

By ED GODZISZEWSKI

There are very few fans of science fiction and fantasy who are unfamiliar with the name of "Godzilla." Japan's most popular and durable monster, Godzilla has appeared in no less than 15 Toho feature films, a number of TV programs and has launched a flood of toys, dolls, games and assorted leaping-lizard paraphernalia.

The radioactive reptile has also sparked a bit of controversy in SF circles. During his 25-year-film career, The King of the Monsters has undergone a personality change that has polarized fans. Starting off as the most evil of all monsters, he has recently assumed the role of protector of Earth, whose job it is to repel any and all aliens heading for a takeover of the world. For old-time Godzilla lovers, his latter role in a host of kiddie-oriented films has been a disaster. For newfound fans, Godzilla's later monster-filled films have proven ideal. While the two factions of fandom argue about which Godzilla is the "real" King of the Monsters, the lizard lumbers onward in movie after movie, carrying on a screen tradition that dates back to 1954.

In that year, the Toho Motion Picture Company produced a film called *Gojira*; their answer to the popular American film, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*. Special effects created by the late Eiji Tsuburaya, competent direction by Ishiro Honda and music by Akira Ifukube all combined to create a minor masterpiece. This talented trio was also responsible for many of the films that followed in the series.

Gojira reached American shores in 1956, bearing the title *Godzilla, King of the Monsters*. The film was Americanized via the insertion of additional footage with Raymond Burr as

Above left: an electrifying scene from Godzilla, King of the Monsters. *Right: a spectacular piece of poster art designed for* Godzilla Vs. Megalon. *The scene never appeared in the movie.*

an American reporter and some English-speaking Japanese actors as well as a small amount of dubbing.

Godzilla's story is practically identical to *Gojira*'s. After a number of ships are destroyed on the high seas, the world finds out that the cause of these disasters is a mammoth prehistoric reptile awakened as a result of the detonation of the hydrogen bomb. Modern weaponry cannot stop the monster, who wrecks everything in sight—including Tokyo—with its white-hot atomic breath. Godzilla is finally defeated by a secret weapon known as the "oxygen destroyer"...a weapon so hideous that its inventor commits suicide rather than reveal his formula.

Considering both budget and available technology, the finished *Godzilla* is an exceptional film. The monster Gojira (supposedly named after a huge, tough-looking guy on the Toho lot) was, in reality, a costumed actor, Haruo Nakajima, a fellow who portrayed the lizard king until 1972. Nakajima had the unenviable task of lumbering through intensely lit minature sets in a 100-pound monster suit. For certain close-ups of Godzilla firing his atomic breath, a mechanical mock-up of the monster's head was used. By shooting much of the monster footage of this black-and-white film as night scenes, director Honda was able to create an eerie atmosphere, and Tsuburaya was able to conceal some defects in his special effects.

Following the huge success of *Gojira*, Toho produced *Gojira No Gyakushu* in 1955. The film was released in the U.S. four years later as *Gigantis, The Fire Monster* by Warner Brothers. Warner chose to rename Godzilla rather than purchase the right to use that name.

The film follows the running battle between Gigantis (since the original Godzilla was killed, this monster was yet another of the same species and would appear in all the subsequent movies in the series) and Angurus, a multi-spined creature later to be dubbed Angilas. Godzilla/Gigantis wins and is later killed in an icy avalanche.

Gigantis proved an odd Godzilla film in more ways than one. Instead of using Masaru Sato's original score, Warner substituted some rather lackluster themes from *Kronos* and *The Deerslayer*. The quality of the special effects was excellent, but certain battles were projected onto the screen at accelerated speeds, thus detracting from the realism. The Godzilla suit was also a different model than the original movie's, with Godzilla appearing a bit taller and thinner in the arm and leg area. The dubbing, handled by Hugo Grimaldi for Warner, was of the bargain-basement variety.

Godzilla in a tag-team match from Godzilla Vs. Megalon.

The King of the Monsters made a technicolor comeback in 1962 via Toho's *King Kong Vs. Godzilla (Kingu Kongu Tai Gojira)*, the first color and widescreen Godzilla feature. While endowed with some fine effects, the movie's real downfall owes to Toho's decision to treat the film humorously.

Kong is found alive on Faro Island by a TV crew and is drugged and floated back to Japan on a raft. En route, he escapes and heads for Japan on his own. Godzilla simultaneously escapes from his ice tomb and begins leveling Nippon independently. The two monsters meet, and after a series of tag-team matches, tumble from Mt. Fuji into the sea below. Kong swims off. Godzilla slips into a deep sleep on the ocean floor.

Returning to a serious approach, Toho produced what is probably the best of the Godzilla series in 1964—*Godzilla Vs. The Thing (Mosura Tai Gojira)*. Everything about the film worked, from special effects to plotting to dubbing.

Following a hurricane of astounding force, Japan finds two alien objects washed up on its shores: a large egg belonging to Mothra (the gigantic Moth of Infant Island) and Godzilla. Godzilla begins his usual hobby of destruction. Two reporters and a scientist travel to Infant Island to enlist the aid of Mothra in battling Godzilla. Mothra journeys to Japan to do battle and is killed by Godzilla. Her egg, however, hatches and two caterpillars emerge, eventually overpowering Godzilla with their webs of silken cocoons.

It is no coincidence that Godzilla reached his artistic peak in a film where he was his most evil. The Godzilla suit used was perhaps the best ever designed—a deep charcoal gray (Godzilla was never green in any film, contrary to popular belief), perfectly proportioned, with a large dorsal fin and a fierce-looking face, highlighted by pronounced eyebrows and menacing eyes.

Next in the series was 1964's *Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster (Sandaikaiju Chijo Saida Ino Kessen)*. Here, Godzilla began his transformation into a "hero," although he remained a villain for most of the film.

A meteor spews a gigantic fireball which gives birth to the flying dragon, Ghidrah. Simultaneously, Godzilla and Rodan (a winged creature first seen in 1956's *Rodan, the Flying Monster*) appear in Japan for a series of duels. Ghidrah begins its destructive path around the world. The larva Mothra is summoned by the Aelinas (two tiny girls telepathically linked to Mothra) to intervene in the battle between Godzilla and Rodan and persuade them to join forces against the alien invader, Ghidrah. Failing in her mission, Mothra sets off alone to fight

ABOUT THE POSTER: A colorful painting/montage used for the Italian re-release of **Godzilla,** shown exclusively to FANGORIA readers by director/film distributor Luigi Cozzi. Note: To safely remove the poster without damage, open center staples, lift out the poster, then reclose.

PHOTO: © CINEMA SHARES

A touching family portrait from Godzilla Vs. Megalon; Godzilla and Jet Jaguar pose with their foes.

Ghidrah, rather unsuccessfully. Godzilla and Rodan reconsider and soon join Mothra in the fight for Earth's survival. Mothra climbs atop Rodan's back and, with Godzilla holding Ghidrah at bay, the twosome launch a dive-bomber attack with Mothra firing her silken webbing. Defeated, Ghidrah flies back into space.

One of *Ghidrah*'s highpoints was Toho's excellent effects. Ghidrah (originally named King Ghidorah), was, in monster terms, a testimony to Toho's craftsmanship. Though still an actor in a suit, Ghidrah's three heads and two tails were manipulated from overhead by unnoticeable wires, while the wings were mechanically operated. Aside from some slightly altered facial features, Godzilla appeared much the same as in the previous film. A mechanical puppet of Godzilla, with movable but rather oddly focused eyes, was used for extreme long shots, as well as for close-ups of the atomic breath scenes.

At this point in time, Godzilla's stateside future began to grow shaky with some of his films being lost for years. Following the success of *Ghidrah*, Toho released *Monster Zero (Kaiju Daisenso*, also released in the U.S. as *Invasion of the Astros)* in 1965. Marking the last film appearance of Nick Adams, the movie wasn't seen in the States until 1970, released on a double bill with *War of the Gargantuas*.

The movie concerns the plight of the citizens of Planet X . . . an allegedly peaceful folk currently being threatened by Monster Zero, alias King Ghodorah, alias Ghidrah. With Earth's permission, the X people take Godzilla and Rodan to their planet to fight the monster. In actuality, the entire trip is an alien trick, allowing the aliens to gain mental control over the two Japanese giants and launch a three-pronged monster attack against Earth. Sound waves eventually destroy the invaders and their control devices, at which point Godzilla and Rodan revert back to enemy status. They fight each other and fall into the sea while Ghidrah escapes into space.

Godzilla's next appearance occurred in 1966 in *Godzilla Vs. The Sea Monster (Nanichi No Daiketto)*, a film which never saw stateside theatrical release but, rather, was sold directly to TV by American International Pictures. *Sea Monster* was the first of two consecutive films wherein director Honda and musical director Ifukube were replaced by Jun Fukuda and Masaru Sato.

A group of adventurers are shipwrecked on the island of Letchi, a base for a secret military organization bent on world conquest. Enslaved on the island is a group of natives from Infant Island, kept in place by the island's guardian, the lobster Ebirah. The adventurers discover a sleeping Godzilla and, waking him, set him loose on the base. Godzilla destroys the military outpost and Mothra arrives to rescue her native worshippers. Godzilla destroys Ebirah. Mothra and Godzilla spar, but everyone escapes from the island just before it is consumed by a nuclear holocaust.

1967's *Son of Godzilla (Gojira No Musako)* was the second film of the series to be sold directly to TV. It told of a series of United Nations weather-control experiments on tiny Sogel Island which cause a series of gigantic insects and plants to prosper. Also on the island is a huge egg which hatches Minya, Godzilla's son. Godzilla and Jr. defeat Spiga, a giant spider, as a second weather experiment succeeds in lowering temperatures on the island, eventually turning it into an icy hibernation haven for Godzilla and son.

Aside from being slanted for small-fry audiences, the main fault of *Son* lies in its characterization of Godzilla as a humanlike parent figure. Although this lent the film a certain charm and appeal, Fukuda's insistence on portraying monsters as "people" came off, for the most part, as foolish. The Godzilla suit used was probably the worst to date, the head was small and stubby and the eyes were at half-mast, creating a comatose look on The King of the Monsters. All these designs were probably the direct result of Toho attempting to make Godzilla facially resemble his pug-nosed offspring, Minya.

The next Godzilla film, *Destroy All Monsters (Kaiju Soshingeki*, 1968), was a landmark film for a number of reasons. Aside from marking the return of Honda and Ifukube, the movie was the last Godzilla film made by Toho in a serious manner. It brought together 11 of Toho's greatest movie monsters — Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra (larva form), Angilas (from *Gigantis*), Manda (the giant sea snake from *Atragon*), Gorosaurus (the dinosaur from *King Kong Escapes*), Baragon (a subterranean monster from *Frankenstein Conquers the World*), Varan (a four-legged, flying reptile from *Varan, The Unbelievable*), Minya, Spiga and King Ghidorah. This was also the last complete Godzilla feature for which Tsuburaya served as special-effects director.

The film takes place in 1999, when all of Earth's monsters have been collected and confined on Ogasawara Island for security and scientific research purposes. The Kilaak, aliens from space, gain mental control of the

GODZ

MEGA

GODZILLA

monsters and attempt to conquer Earth through commands sent out from their Moon base. The crew of Earthship SY-3 destroys the Kilaak base and Earth scientists regain control of the monsters, turning them against the Kilaak headquarters at the base of Mt. Fuji. The Kilaaks call on Ghidorah to save the day, but the three-headed horror is slaughtered by the united terran monster front.

The final battle with Ghidorah was excellently staged, especially when one considers the requirements: a vast array of wires to invisibly control Ghidorah's heads and the tails of all the other monsters, the coordination of all explosion and wind effects, and the inherent difficulty of directing six actors in monster suits with restricted visibility.

Godzilla's Revenge (Oru Jaiju Daishingeki), filmed in 1969 and released in the U.S. in 1971, was supposedly in production when effects master Tsuburaya passed away, a fact which may account for the heavy use of stock footage from *Son of Godzilla* and *Godzilla Vs. the Sea Monster*. The film essentially deals with a young boy who dreams of going to Monster Island where he meets and chats with Godzilla's son, Minya. Using lessons learned from watching Minya overcome a bully monster named Gaborah, the boy outwits and captures some inept thieves and triumphs over the local bully. If viewed strictly as entertainment for pre-schoolers, *Revenge* was a successful and well-made film. For serious Godzilla fans, however, the movie was a bitter pill to swallow. The few original effects scenes shot for the movie were up to par, but when combined with the stock footage, the use of different Godzilla suits from scene to scene was painfully obvious.

In *Godzilla Vs. the Smog Monster* (*Gojira Tai Hedora*, 1971), Godzilla made a minor comeback from the depths of *Revenge*. In this one, coastal cities are terrorized by Hedorah, a monster spawned from sludge. Hedorah has the ability to change its shape into two forms: one that flies (emitting a sulphuric acid mist in its wake) and one that stalks the land upright. Godzilla eventually kills the beast by holding the monster between two huge electrodes which dehydrate the beast's body.

The movie had quite a few regrettable moments for die-hard Godzilla fans, including the lizard's new flying ability wherein Godzilla tucks his tail between his legs and propels himself through the air with his atomic breath.

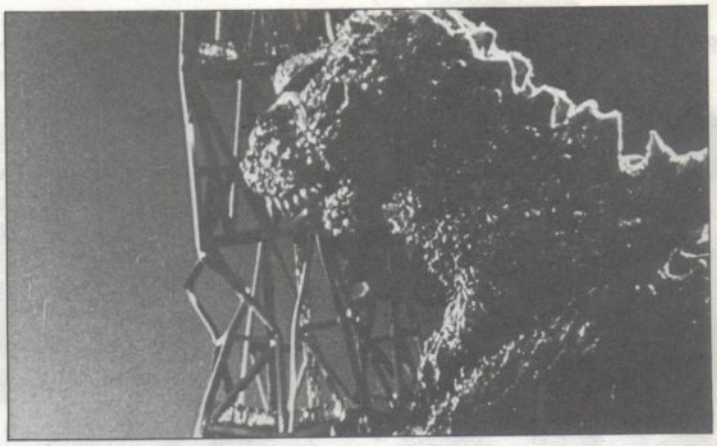


PHOTO: © GODZILLA RELEASING CORP.

PHOTO: © AIP

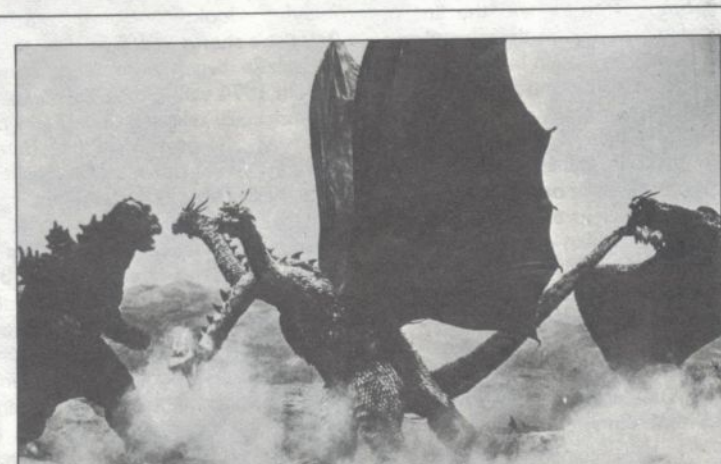


PHOTO: © CONTINENTAL

Classic lizard lunacy in the radioactive tradition. Top to bottom: the monster munches on a haphazard lunch in Godzilla, King of the Monsters, *an impromptu boxing match featured in* Godzilla Vs. The Smog Monster *and a no-holds-barred encounter between Godzilla, Rodan and Ghidrah from* Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster.

PHOTO © CINEMA SHARES

It's man versus machine . . . sort of . . . in this scene from Godzilla Vs. the Cosmic Monster, *originally entitled* Godzilla Vs. the Bionic Monster *until lawsuits arose.*

Special effects were also below par. In one scene, the wire manipulating Godzilla's tail was clearly visible—a mistake previously never committed in a Toho film. *Smog Monster* was the first of three films to follow the formula of a small child as a main human character and Godzilla playing super-hero defender of Earth.

1972's *Gojira Tai Gaigan* didn't reach the U.S. until 1978 where it met release as *Godzilla on Monster Island*. In this effort, aliens unleash Gigan and Ghidorah in a plan of world domination. Godzilla and Angilas vacation from Monster Island to confront and defeat the invaders.

In 1973, Toho and Eizo collaborated on *Godzilla vs. Megalon (Gojira Tai Megaro)*, a new low in the series that earned the film the title *Godzilla Vs. the Stock Footage* in some fan circles. Director Fukuda decided to play this battle (the underwater Seatopian's monsters Megalon and Gigan vs. cyborg Jet Jaguar and Godzilla) for laughs and had Godzilla performing running jumps and tail-slides and various wires intruding on the fight scenes. While the other monster suits were well-designed for this film, Godzilla's outfit was an artistic disaster; small and simply detailed, with a hideous pushed-in face and overgrown eyes that gave Godzilla a "playful" look. *Megalon* reached America's shores in 1976.

Godzilla began an asthetic comeback in 1974 with *Gojira Tai Mekagojira*, originally released in 1977 in the U.S. as *Godzilla Vs. the Bionic Monster*. When Universal Studios, the folks responsible for both the *Six Million Dollar Man* and the *Bionic Woman*, threatened to sue Cinema Shares Releasing over the title, the movie was quickly redubbed *Godzilla vs. the Cosmic Monster*. In this adventure, aliens try to take over Earth using a mechanical Godzilla. The original lizard is aiding in the battle by King Seesar, the protector of Okinawa (a monster best described as an overgrown cocker spaniel).

Revenge of Mechagodzilla (*Mekagojira No Gyakushu*, 1976) known in the states currently as *Terror of Godzilla*, was given a boost by the return of Honda and Ifukube to the Godzilla team. Aliens recover the severed head of Mechagodzilla and rebuild the monster with the aid of an insane Earth scientist. The aliens have saved the life of the scientist's daughter, replacing many of her internal organs with bionic parts as well as integrating the control mechanism for the newly refurbished Mechagodzilla into her body.

Mechagodzilla 2, even more powerful than the original, and Chitanosaurus, a monster who can create whirlwinds with his tail, are unleashed upon the world. Godzilla finds himself outmatched by the two evil beasts. However, the scientist's daughter commits suicide in order to destroy the control device, thus giving Godzilla the chance to outmatch Mechagodzilla. Chitanosaurus is killed by a sonic cannon devised by Earth scientists.

A number of positive factors helped raise this film above the level of most of the 70's efforts, most notably, improved special effects and a stirring score by Ifukube.

With the success the Cinema Shares, Godzilla's releasing company since *Monster Island*, has experienced with the Japanese series in recent years, Henry G. Saperstein, head of the company, has seen fit to invest money in the next film to star Godzilla, set to be released in 1979 in Japan. The film will have a budget of over $4 million and an American will write the script. The announced title of the film is *Gojira Tai Debiru*, or *Godzilla Vs. the Devil*.

In 1977, Toho announced that they would produce *Rebirth of Godzilla*, a color remake of the original *Gojira*. However, *Rebirth* was quickly canceled in favor of *Devil*. With the tone of the Godzilla series improving with each subsequent release of late, anxious fans eagerly await the outcome of this Japanese-American production. While no one is sure what the plot will entail, it seems certain that the movie will reach American audiences much more quickly than past Japanese films of the 70s because of the Cinema Shares involvement.

Whatever the future may hold for The King of the Monsters, it is sure that Godzilla, one of the most popular and profitable film properties in the world, will continue to star in Toho monster epics for years to come. Today, as they did 25 years ago, his legions of loyal fans, both young and old, anxiously anticipate his next lumbering appearance on the silver screen; eyes glowing and breath exploding far above a terrified Japan.

Gojira . . . the once and future king of Japanese monster/heroes.

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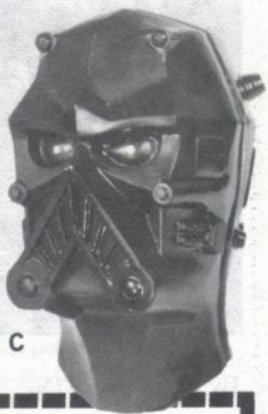

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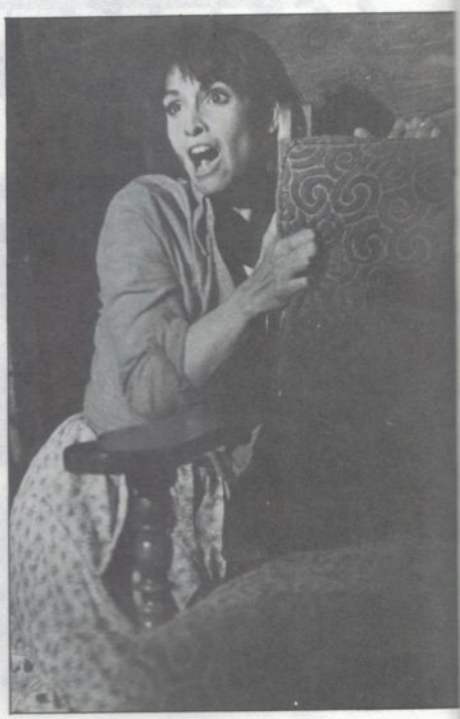


Talia Shire (Rocky's Adrian) confronts an incredibly fearful sight in Prophecy. *Left: The ancient prophecy unfolds.*

PHOTOS: © 1979 PARAMOUNT

By BOB MARTIN

An ancient Indian legend... an aging and half-crazed Indian Sage...a virgin wilderness desecrated by the white man's greed...and nature's ghastly retribution. All of these are shared elements in two recent best-selling novels, Martin Cruz Smith's *Nightwing*, and *Prophecy* by the author of *The Omen*, David Seltzer. To stretch coincidence a bit further, both are now major feature films, opening this summer.

In *Nightwing*, Youngman Durang (Nick Mancuso) is a Maskai Indian, a tribal deputy whose jurisdiction extends over a large stretch of New Mexican desert. Youngman and his white girlfriend, health service nurse Anne Dillon (Kathryn Harrold), both have cause for concern when first cattle and then people turn up mutilated as if attacked by some unknown beast. An English biologist, Hayden Payne (David Warner), is aware that the beast in question is actually a horde of rabid vampire bats that were responsible for the death of his father in Mexico some years before. Payne has been following the migratory beasts ever since. Payne, who wants to gain personal retribution against the creatures, arranges with tribal leader Walker Chee (Stephen Macht) to keep the bats' presence in the area secret. Chee is anxious to hide the situation from fellow tribesmen and from his white business associates as he works out a sensitive deal for the reservation's mineral rights. The conspiracy of silence leaves Youngman and Dillon battling an unknown terror at the eleventh hour.

Prophecy's similar story is buttressed by a stronger romantic sub-plot and some parallels to a recent ecological

The terror of Prophecy surrounds the discovery of an ecological disaster: chemical pollution that is causing freaky mutations. Above: The mutant creature that reaks havoc.

Nightwing's *fright comes in the form of bats gone amok as both animals and people are found mutilated. Left and below: The Bats descend. Below: Hayden Payne, whose father was killed by the beasts, investigates the source of the flying evil.*

PHOTOS: © 1979 COLUMBIA

catastrophe (the mercury poisoning of a Japanese community numbering 100,000) a la *The China Syndrome*. Bob Vern (Robert Foxworth) is a young scientist assigned by the Environmental Protection Agency to investigate a dispute that has arisen between an Indian tribe and a lumber mill located in the forestlands of Maine. Upon their arrival in the troublespot, Rob and his pregnant wife Maggie (Talia Shire) learn of a series of mysterious deaths that the local whites blame on "drunk Indians." With the aid of a young Indian rebel named Hawks (Armand Assante), Rob learns that the plant's wastes have caused widespread mutations in the area, including a ghastly creature responsible for the deaths.

Both films depend heavily upon mechanical effects for their shock value. *Nightwing*'s host of rabid bats were designed by Carlo Rimbaldi, whose mechanical creatures for *King Kong* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* have been widely publicized. *Prophecy* boasts a multitude of mechanized mutants designed and built by Thomas and Ellis Burman and Edouard Henrigues of Burman Studios, a team whose previous aliens and grotesqueries have graced such productions as *The Manitou* and *Close Encounters*, as well as the made-for-TV film *Gargoyles*.

The most remarkable symptom of Hollywood think-alike shows up in the casting of the tribal elder in each film—in both instances an Indian mystic who sees the strange events as the fulfillment of ancient prophecies, and who eventually dies, a victim of his own faith. Both *Nightwing*'s Abner and *Prophecy*'s M'rai are played with austere authenticity by a Canadian Indian character actor, George Clutesi.

In The She Creature, *producer Gordon faced a comedy of errors while trying to get the production off the ground. In the few days prior to shooting, lead actors quit, died, exchanged roles and came down with terminal confusion. The worst that happened to the monster was an occasional flurry of claw cracking offscreen.*

Alex Gordon
The Deadly "B"s

Producer Alex Gordon recalls that, in the days of the classic "B" horror movies, half of the shock was going on behind the camera!

By JOHN HOXLEY

Science fiction and fantasy spell big dollars in today's Hollywood. Producers, directors and studios agree that pouring more money into an SF production during shooting increases the amount of cash poured back at the box office once the film is completed. As a result, budgets of all upcoming SF-fantasy films are soaring, with millions of dollars being added to the kitty as the movies roll ever onward.

Twenty-five years ago, however, there was a time when movie studios simply didn't believe in big budgets for their SF-fantasy efforts. In fact, they went out of their way to *withhold* money from the productions, figuring that the horror movie crowd would go to see practically anything with a snazzy title. During this era, it was up to a handful of creative producers and directors to come up with Kong-sized stories of imagination and terror while operating with microscopic budgets.

One of the guiding lights during the early 50s barrage of fantasy "B" movies was Alex Gordon, who served as producer on such varied flights of fancy as *The Day the World Ended*, *The She-Creature*, *Voodoo Woman* and *Atomic Submarine*. Surrounded by a contemporary film world of mega-million-dollar epics, Gordon chuckles, fondly recalling the "bad old days."

"It was a wonderful school for many of us," he says. "You would have to film an entire science-fiction 'epic' in a six-day period and then . . . go onto a Western. Precision timing and total professionalism was required. I think, at times, *that's* lacking in today's movies."

Although Gordon states that the old "B" films were hard work, they were also a lot of fun. "Things got so crazy at times," he confesses, "that you would forget it was a *job*."

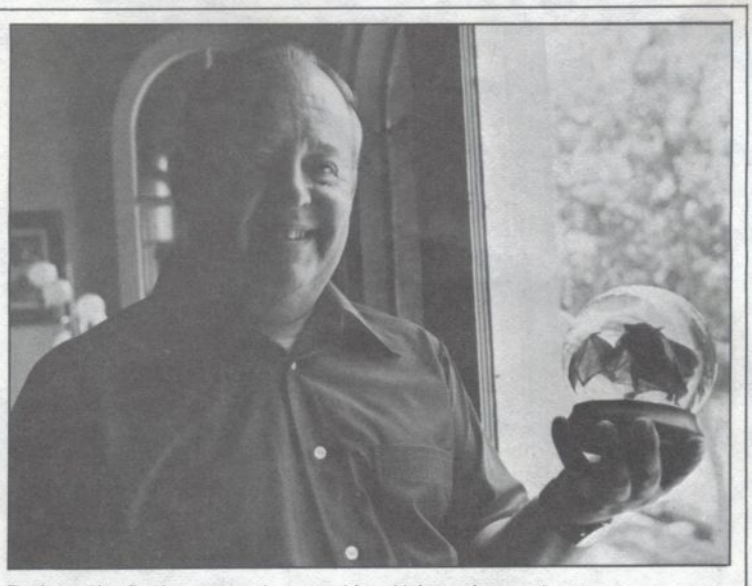


PHOTO: NEAL PRESTON

Producer Alex Gordon poses with a winged friend left over from an American International Pictures mad lab of the 1950s. Gordon, who relishes filmmaking, readily admits that half the challenge of the "B"s was the miniscule budgeting.

British-born Gordon became interested in science fiction and horror while still a youngster in England, haunting the infamous Saturday-afternoon matinees. Both he and his filmmaking brother Richard arrived in the States in 1947, eager to break into stateside show biz. After a short stint as Gene Autry's roadshow publicist, Alex settled in Los Angeles, seeking work in film fantastic.

"I got involved with a low-budget Western known as the *Lawless Rider*," he remembers, "and then wrote a script for Bela Lugosi called *King Robot*. When that didn't pan out, I wrote another script called *The Atomic Monster*. Eventually, it was filmed as *The Bride of the Monster*. I had nothing to do with the production, and the script was completely rewritten. Unfortunately, the movie was very, very cheaply made. I think the octopus monster they used was a raincoat." He breaks into a wide grin. "At least it *looked* like a raincoat in the final film."

Yet another unfilmed script for an ailing Lugosi led fledgling Gordon into the den of movie lawyer Sam Arkoff, a gentleman who was, together with James Nicholson and Roger Corman, in the process of forming American Releasing Company, an outfit which

would eventually mushroom into American International Pictures. Gordon produced several ARC pictures, including Roger Corman's first Western, *Apache Woman*.

"The second picture for which I served as executive producer was another Roger Corman-directed film, *The Day the World Ended*. We shot it in nine days. We tried to get a good cast for a low-budget movie because, you see, that was a shortcut in 'B' movies. We tried to get in as many well-known professionals as possible. The kind of actors that, when you see them on the screen, you immediately know what they represent. In a small picture, you really don't have a lot of time for character development. You must *know* who the hero is and who the villain is. The actors make it interesting."

Working on a next-to-non-existent schedule and a shoestring budget, Gordon and Corman attempted to portray both the destruction of the world via World War III and a post-nuclear-holocaust Earth. "A lot of it was shot on location in Bronson Canyon," Gordon states, "a place that has been used to death in Westerns and war pictures. We had good actors and a good monster with Paul Blaisdale. He's a very clever builder of costumes and miniatures. He insisted on playing the mutant role himself, donning his own costume. Now, Paul is not a very tall man and the mutant was very tall. This caused some unique problems. But, since mutants are clumsy anyway . . . ."

The creation of a "B" movie back in the 50s was, according to Gordon, a slap-happy affair that had little or nothing to do with the concept of "cinema." "We always started with a title," he says, laughing. "Jim Nicholson would come up with the title *The Day the World Ended* and then he'd develop some ads. A script would subsequently be written around his advertising campaign or title."

At times, this big-bucks approach backfired. "In one film (I had nothing to do with) called *The Beast with a Million Eyes*, Nicholson had come up with a tremendous ad and title and pre-sold the movie to exhibitors. Then they made the movie. When the distributors viewed the finished film, they were disappointed because the ads were so much more interesting. They actually offered to finance a *second* picture and spend more money on it. Eventually the movie was released. I think it cost $23,000."

Surrounded by cherished pieces of movie memorabilia, Gordon has nothing but praise for his "B" movie colleagues of two decades ago. "Everyone was so creative," he states. "You had to think on your feet. For example, take *The She-Creature*, a very popular AIP film.

"The movie title was suggested by a local California distributor. We got a neat little script worked up and blocked out a shooting schedule. Then everything went wrong. It was a nine-day picture and we just *couldn't* shoot even one extra day. It cost too much money. When the movie first came into being, I thought we could use Peter Lorre and Edward Arnold in it because they were so good together in *Crime and Punishment*.

"Fine. Everyone agreed. Two days before the picture was to start, Edward Arnold died quite suddenly, and Peter Lorre, after finally reading the script, refused to do the movie. He hated it. He wouldn't act in such a cheap film.

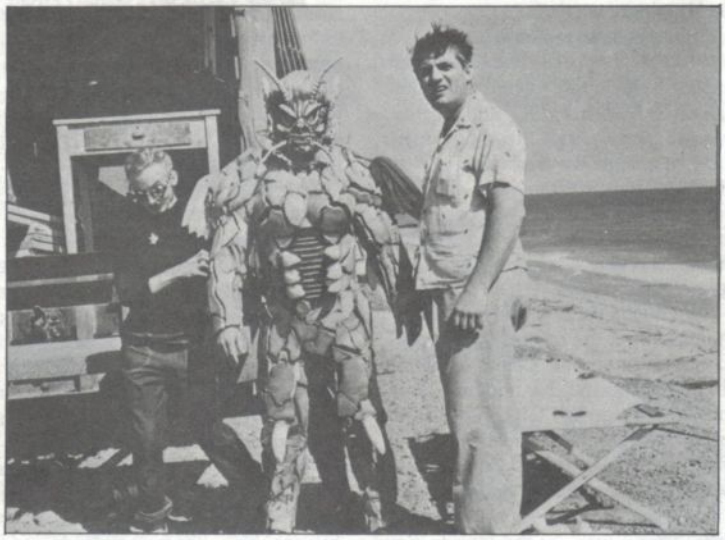
"Now, I suppose it's safe to say that we were in real trouble right about then. I had known Chester Morris for quite some time and I called him and asked him to take over Edward Arnold's role. Fine. I then got John Carradine to portray the Peter Lorre role. The day after his agent agreed, however, Carradine refused to do it, stating

PHOTO: ALLIED ARTISTS

The famous cyclopian alien from Allied's Atomic Submarine *was really a hand puppet that Gordon thought was "awfully cheap and awfully phoney."*

PHOTOS: AIP

Alex Gordon used makeup man Paul Blaisdale's monsters in both The Day the World Ended *(left) and* The She Creature *(below). The popular* She Creature *body got a real workout, undergoing a facelift for Gordon's* Voodoo Woman *(a different head mask was used on a slightly refurbished body) and a streamlining for the horror "comedy,"* The Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow. *Blaisdale himself played the mutant in* The Day the World Ended, *a harrowing experience to say the least. The mutant is tall, Blaisdale is not. The resulting combination made for some ungainly moves by the mutant. That was fine with Gordon "since mutants are clumsy anyway. . . ." Both films were shot on a shoestring budget and, as a result, the only special effects used were the type that could be created on the set itself via the use of smoke bombs, trap doors, wires and lighting.*



that, from now on, he was finished with monster movies and would only act in Shakespearean roles.

"We were now only one day away from shooting. I called Chester Morris and got him to come on the set early to take over the Peter Lorre-John Carradine role. Now, Tom Conway was already on his way in for *his* role in the film. I gave him Chester Morris' part which was, in reality, Edward Arnold's role. I then had no one to take over the part originally intended for Conway.

"We were actually shooting when I somehow thought of actor Ron Randell and called him at home. He was leaving the next week for England and had a week with nothing to do. He agreed to play the part. Can you imagine all this happening *during* production? You'd expect casting problems in *The Ten Commandments* or *Gone with the Wind* . . . but in *The She-Creature*?"

Gordon laughs heartily, recalling some of his more bizarre experiences in low-budget horrordom. "In films like *The Day the World Ended, Voodoo Woman* and *The She-Creature* we had virtually no special effects because we just couldn't afford any. The effects would have to be the kind you could have on the set itself using smoke bombs and trap doors. Even then, we occasionally ran into problems. Sometimes a piece of the monster's hand would crack off and a limb would have to be repaired on the spot. Blaisdale handled his creatures very well, however.

"Sometimes the studio insisted on inserting effects that drove me crazy," he continues. "On *Atomic Submarine* (the story of an alien invader beneath the sea) we were given $135,000 and six days to do an invasion epic. They stuck us with this monster that we really didn't want to use. It was puppet-sized and looked awfully cheap and awfully phony. But the head of Allied Artists insisted we have the monster in the finale. So we showed this 'eyeball' puppet, which has since gone on to attain 'cult' joke status in SF circles. I thought it looked dreadful."

As the 50s stammered to a close, movie studios began to increase both their budgets and overall quality, seemingly sealing the fate of "B" movies. The public no longer wanted "el cheapo" productions and, worse yet, some of the "B" movie filmmakers were regarded with disdain for their past popular (but cheap) efforts.

"To this day," Gordon says, "a lot of really talented people have been overlooked in film restrospectives solely because of the budgets they were forced to deal with. Heck, it got to be a real stigma working on 'B' pictures after a while. When I was engaged to my wife, Ruth, I really wanted to impress her, so I took her to a sneak preview of my latest six-day, $65,000 wonder, *Voodoo Woman*. I thought it was a pretty neat little movie. When we came out, she gave me my engagement ring back.

"She wanted to know why I couldn't make movies like *The Red Shoes* or

Alex Gordon

The Maltese Falcon. I tried to explain to her about my budget limitations. Eventually, I not only made the 'B' movie experience clear to her but got her to write a few scripts." Gordon finishes this story with a twinkle in his eye, "I guess she finally understands low-budget movies."

Ironically, it was Mrs. Gordon who gave husband Alex a shot at his biggest-budgeted SF film to date, *Underwater City*. "She saw an article in a newspaper about a proposed underwater city created to harvest fish for a starving world. We took the idea to Orville Hampton, who had written quite a few SF scripts and then Columbia bought it.

"It was a strange film to make. We had excellent special-effects craftsman onboard, such as Howard Lydecker, Howard Anderson Jr. and Richard Albain. But we shot the movie in six days, although we had 24 weeks for effects. The problem was that our budget didn't allow us to shoot any *real* underwater scenes. We had to shoot this entire sea adventure *dry* on a sound stage.

"We built a set that was to represent the bottom of the ocean. It had rocks, plants and, at one point, a sunken ship. We shot all the undersea shots through a large fish tank, replete with ripple glass and a windshield wiper. The windshield wiper would cause 'waves' in the water.

"The actors, dressed in underwater gear, would walk by the tank in slow motion. Once we had the 'dry' ocean licked, our biggest problem was air bubbles. We couldn't figure out how to create undersea air bubbles on stage. Finally, Anderson and Lydecker came up with the idea of having an offstage helium tank with a hose attachment that was fitted onto the air tanks of the scuba divers. By pressing a little attachment, the bubbles would come out of a tiny telephone dial-like apparatus on the actors' backs. The bubbles would then rise upward. It was like Lawrence Welk's Champagne Music Time.

"So, we now had all these bubbles rising up in the air. That was fine. The only problem was that they also floated back down onto the stage, bouncing around on camera. This caused us a great deal of grief in that it looked tremendously fake. We finally decided to have grips lying flat on their stomachs in the rafters above the stage with air machines to chase the bubbles off to the side of the scene."

After all his planning and ingenious problem solving on this technicolor adventure, Gordon had to sit by and watch Columbia initially release the film in *black and white*. "It looked like mud," he grimaces.

At that point he drifted away from fantasy, embarking on a career of producing Hollywood Westerns and researching TV documentaries. Today, however, he's anxious to dive into the science-fiction swim of things once more. "I'm trying to launch a movie called *The Destroyers*," he confides enthusiastically. "It's wonderful. It's based on a story by Stewart Burn, a book called *Monster in My Blood*. It was written before *Close Encounters* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, but I think it has certain elements of both.

"An alien arrives on Earth seeking other aliens who have already landed and assumed the identities of businessmen and respected citizens. They have formed sort of a humanistic alien Fifth Column and are only waiting for the order to take over Earth. An Earth girl, however, falls in love with the alien commander, never realizing his reason for existing. There's quite an intriguing climax.

"I also have this project I've been planning for 10 years concerning an underwater tunnel linking the U.S. and Europe. It's linked by a series of underwater cities. When an undersea volcano explodes, the polar ice caps begin to melt, threatening to flood Earth. It's up to the undersea citizens to rescue the dry world."

Gordon relaxes for a moment, cutting short his breathless spiel concerning things to come. "I'd really like to get back into science fiction," he says. "I enjoyed filmmaking back in the late 50s. There were so many terrific craftsmen at work back then. They've been neglected for the most part. I," he says modestly, "was only a tiny, tiny part of it all. I did learn my lesson, however."

Referring to his planned futuristic fantasies, he points to a wall filled with posters of past hits and laughs. "None of my pictures have ever been over budget. Imagine how that will impress studios today!"

Creature

(continued from page 24)

office smash. The movie provided enough momentum for the cast and crew to launch several successful careers in celluloid SF. Alland went on to produce *This Island Earth*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* and *Tarantula*. Arnold became a major director in the genre, with a list of credits including *The Incredible Shrinking Man* and *The Mouse That Roared*. Browning went on to create *Flipper* and directed the action sequences for *Thunderball*.

And of course the Creature became a movie idol, web-footing his way through two sequels. In 1955's *Revenge of the Creature*, the gill-man found himself trapped (temporarily) in a seaquarium where intelligence tests were conducted on his unwilling brain. He later proved his high IQ by escaping, and consequently taking quite a bit of local flora and fauna along for the trip.

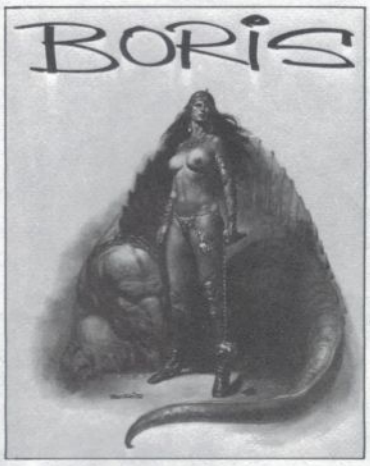
1956 marked the farewell appearance of the Creature in *The Creature Walks Among Us*. In this potboiler, the prehistoric lagoon-dweller was surgically altered to resemble a parody of a human being; sort of a green Arnold Schwarzenneger prototype. Devoid of gills and boasting an uncomfortable set of man-made lungs, the Creature smashed a few evil heads together before walking into the sunset.

Despite his fairly base demise, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* stands as being one of SF fantasy's finest horror creations. Charismatic. Creepy. Carnivorous. The Creature started an SF monster trend that is still highly visible in movie theaters throughout the world today.

Creature from the Black Lagoon

A Universal-International film. 1954. 79 minutes, 3-D. Produced by William Alland. Directed by Jack Arnold. Screenplay by Harry Essex and Arthur Ross from a story by Maurice Zimm. Makeup by Bud Westmore, Jack Kevan, Chris Mueller and Bob Hickman. Special Effects Cinematography: Charles S. Welbourne. Musical Director: Joseph Gershenson.

Dr. Reed	Richard Carlson
Dr. Williams	Richard Denning
Kay Lawrence	Julia Adams
Dr. Thompson	Whit Bissell
Lucas	Nestor Paiva
Carl	Antonio Moreno
The Creature	Ricou Browning/ Ben Chapman



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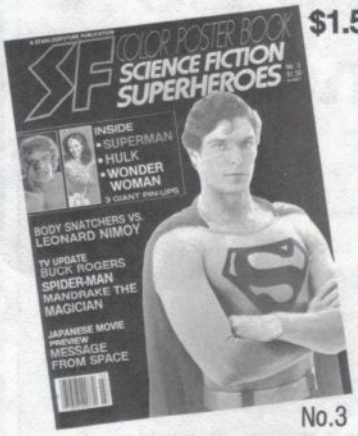

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Galactica's Lost Aliens

Attempting to cope with the dizzying whirl of weekly TV, Battlestar Galactica *was forced to eliminate some of its creepiest crewmembers.*

By HAROLD BISSONETTE

Galactica is dead. But before its demise due to lackluster ratings, the show managed to generate an avalanche of publicity that engulfed every science-fiction/fantasy fanatic in the nation. Although the show's much-touted special effects and alien encounters momentarily brightened up an otherwise banal TV season, some of the show's most spectacular makeups were never viewed by man nor fan due to both budgeting problems and kamikaze editing.

Take the initial *Galactica* telefilm, for instance. Thus far, it has been edited for release *three* different ways, with several scenes appearing and disappearing from view depending on *where* you actually see the film. As broadcast on TV, the movie ran 148 minutes and featured a hastily reshot ending wherein villainous Baltar is spared by the Cylons, thereby giving *Galactica* a resident nasty to hiss week after week.

As originally shot, however, Baltar is slaughtered by the minions of the untrustworthy Imperious Leader, a Carlo Rambaldi alien first slated as the series' recurring meanie. In the final TV edit, the leader dies, giving Baltar a chance for power mongering.

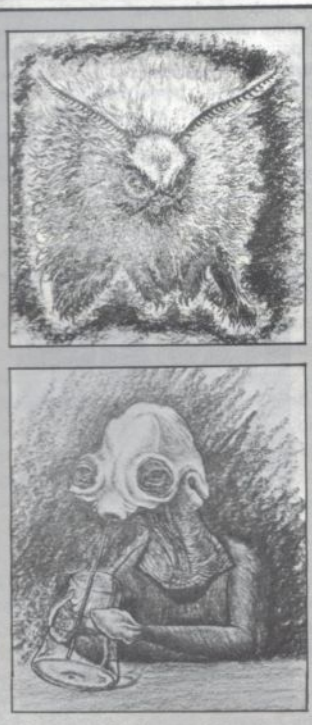
In the Canadian version of the film, released theatrically last summer and running a scant 120 minutes, Baltar is killed and the leader triumphs. A third edit, released theatrically in the United States last November (with Sensurround effects), also had Baltar biting the dust, although an extra five minutes of celluloid coherency was added, bringing the overall running time to 125 minutes.

Completely done-in by the editor's scissors in all three versions was the Imperious Leader himself, a triangular-faced chap never really shown clearly. Not only did the original version of the film feature close-ups of the crafty Cylon, but an ABC-TV coming-attractions trailer shown during the summer of '78 featured a mug shot as well.

A number of other aliens have also disappeared in the confusion of weekly series life. Queen Lotay, leader of the insect-like Ovions, was initially spotlighted in the debut episode, only to be cut out altogether from the show. A slew of aliens designed for use on a semi-weekly basis by Craig Reardon were also scrapped, some even before they had a chance to be built, because of budget restrictions. Other creatures were designed, sculpted and completed but were squeezed out of the series anyway, leaving a small graveyard of head masks lying in the Universal prop department.

A few creatures, however, managed to survive. One pig-faced monster, a highlight of the premier episode's "Casino" scene and subsequently edited into a near nonexistent state, was given a new hairline and resurrected for a later episode as part of a hostile alien horde.

All things considered, Starbuck and Apollo should thank their lucky stars that their alien roles didn't wind up on standby alert, alongside the soda-sipping insect-man and the golden-helmeted bird creature from deep space.



Above: two sketches made by artist/makeup designer Craig Reardon for Galactica *which never saw the light of day.*

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Above: the unused Imperious Leader close up. Right: one of the alien singers about scrapped during the show's final edit. Below: not-so-good Queen Lotay being served by one of her Ovion drones.

In a photo taken by Universal makeup artist Abe Haberman, artist/sculptor Chris Mueller (left) and Craig Reardon flank unfinished Galactica guest.

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PHOTOS: © 1979 ABC-TV

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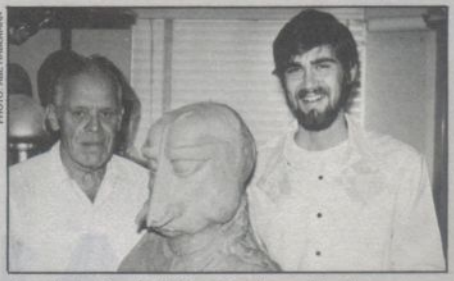
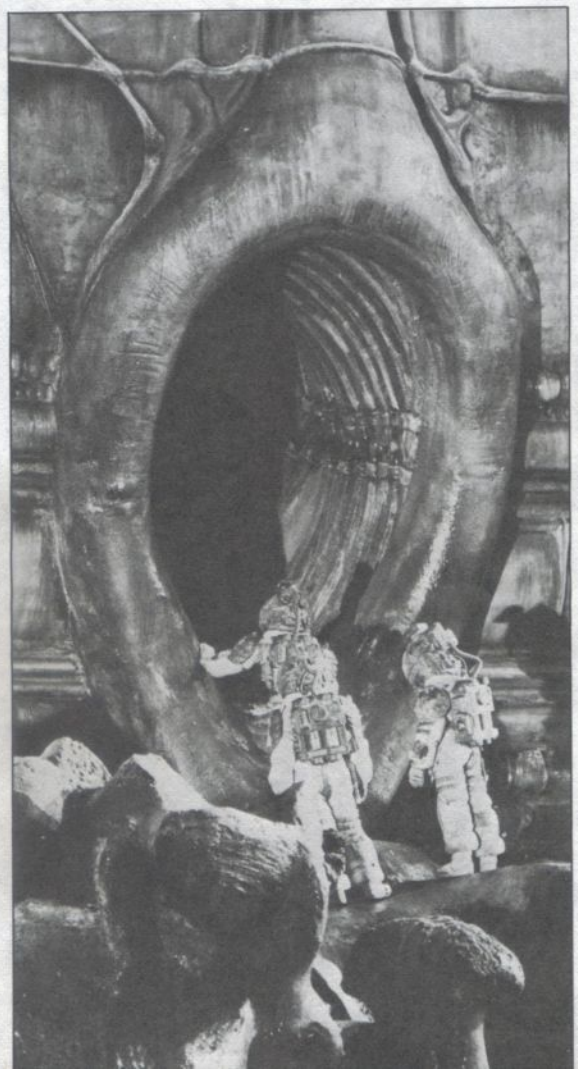


PHOTO: ABE HABERMAN

In a photo taken by Universal makeup whiz Abe Haberman, artist/sculptor Chris Mueller (left) and Craig Reardon flank unfinished Galactica *guest.*

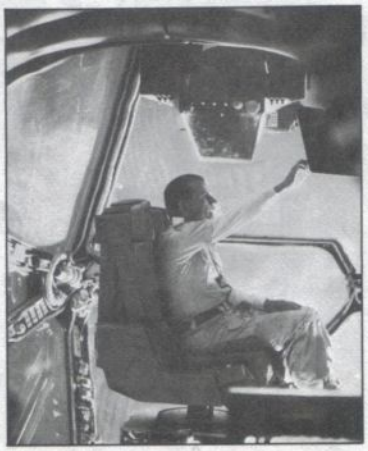
Alien

Alien, *a $10 million motion picture directed by Ridley Scott and scripted by Dan O'Bannon, concerns the voyage of the starship* Nostromo *and its crew's encounter with galactic horror.*

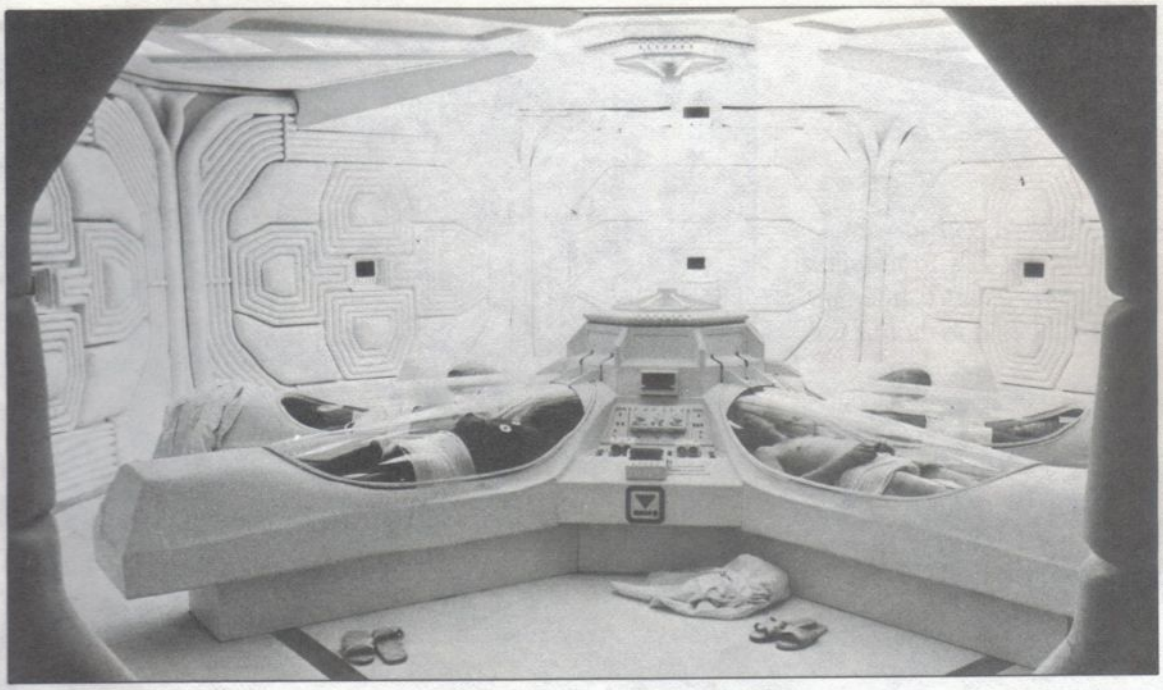


The crew: Technical Engineer Brett (Harry Stanton), Science Officer Ash (Ian Holm), Executive Officer Kane (John Hurt), Navigator Lambert (Veronica Cartwright), Captain Dallas (Tom Skerritt), Warrant Officer Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), cat and Engineer Parker (Yaphet Kotto).

Left: exploring the remains of an ancient alien civilization. The unearthly sets, and the alien itself, were designed by H. R. Giger.



Right: Science Officer Ash at his post. The bridge set incorporates over 40 videoscreens and a vast wealth of working hardware.



As the ship covers the vast distances that separate star-systems, the crew remains in "hypersleep"—a type of suspended animation. Starship interiors were designed by Ron Cobb, who did much of the design work for Star Wars.

Left, and below: responding to a distress signal, crewmembers Dallas, Kane and Ripley set off in search of troubled spacemen. What they find instead is currently Hollywood's biggest secret, though suspicions are brewing that Alien *is really a high-budget remake of* It! The Terror from Beyond Space.

It all started with a mouse, but in the 70s, animation has been given a new life by rabbits and hobbits.

The New Shape of Animation

By ROSCOE POUND

PHOTO · 1978 SAUL ZAENTZ PRODUCTIONS

"Ehhhh, what's up, doc?"
"Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to work we go."
"Sufferin' succotash!"
"Heeeere I come to save the day!"

The four quotes have something in common. They were all uttered by the lively denizens of the ultimate fantasy world—the cartoons. They represent a colorful, fast-moving realm of fairy tales given life by long hours of painstaking, exacting work and great visual and artistic talent; where Bugs Bunny, Snow White's Seven Dwarfs, Sylvester the Cat, Mighty Mouse and many others have reigned.

But there is something else those cartoon characters have in common. Each was created and released in a time when there was a great demand for both short and feature-length animation and the cost of replicating the technically intricate adventures wasn't prohibitive to the producer. People like Walt Disney, Warner Brothers' Leon Schlesinger, Terrytoons' Paul Terry, Max Fleischer (Popeye, Betty Boop) and MGM's Fred Quimby (Tom and Jerry) could afford to produce cartoons and made millions off their animated pals.

Unfortunately, today, thanks to skyrocketing animation costs and the seemingly limited audience for animation, the challenge for filmmakers seems to be how cheaply they can make a successful cartoon of any length. Many animated television commercials are still rich in quality, but the usual televised and theatrically distributed fare is paltry at very best, and decidedly less pleasing to the eye.

However, two recent movies — *The Lord of the Rings* and *Watership Down* — seem to be bucking that trend, presenting the possibility of a new interest, both publicly and professionally, in animation. Both are based on best-selling books, both are basically the brainchild of one intrepid creator and both have garnered their share of favorable attention and box-office reaction.

The most audacious and controversial of the two is Ralph Bakshi's version of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. The controversy stems not only from Bakshi's animation technique (his previous films, such as *Wizards* and *Fritz the Cat*, are constant targets for all types of criticism), but the somewhat reverent approach he took toward *The Rings*, a cult classic with thousands of fervant followers sure to scoff at any attempt to make a movie from the fantasy tale.

"Someone first gave *The Lord of the Rings* to me about 20 years ago," Bakshi recalls. "When I was an animator with Terrytoons in New York, I told the people there, right away, that they ought to make a movie out of it. I guess I've been trying to find a way to make the picture ever since."

Adding to the complexity of Bakshi's effort, *The Lord of the Rings* is not just one work, but a trilogy: *The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers* and *The Return of the King*, with a book-length introduction and "prequel," *The Hobbit*, to top it all off. Even as Bakshi was talking to his Terrytoon superiors, the Disney Production people, who originally owned the productions' rights, were trying to figure out a way to handle the 1600-plus-page epic.

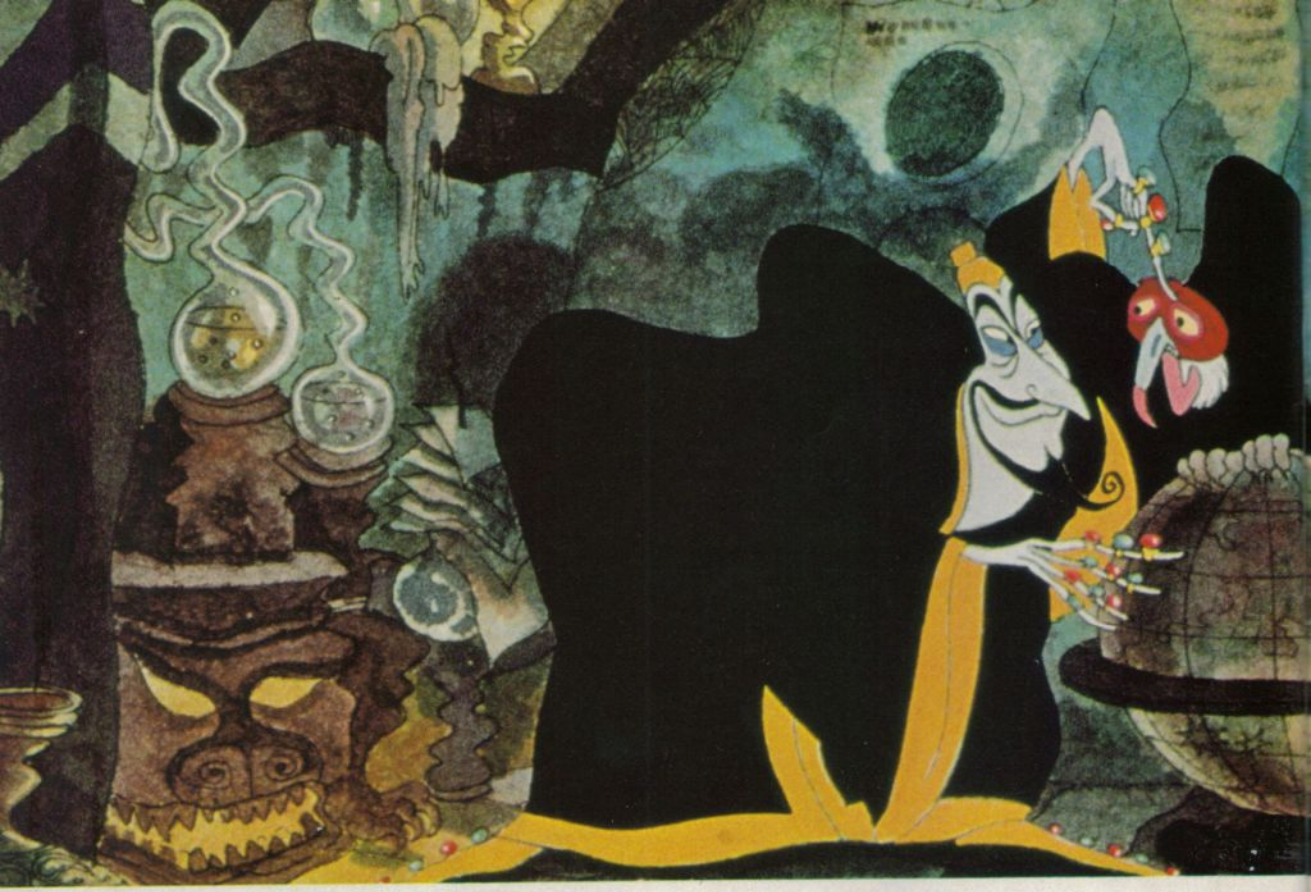
After a decade, Disney finally let his option lapse right into the hands of United Artists, which was hot on the idea of a large, live-action opus to be directed by either Stanley Kubrick or John Boorman. From 1968 to 1971, they struggled to get things rolling, but the huge scope of the scholarly work nearly finished off several screenwriters.

By then, more than 20 million copies of the trilogy had been sold and Ralph Bakshi was more interested than ever with what he might be able to do with it.

"When I moved to Los Angeles, I made what seemed to be annual pilgrimages to the top executives at U.A.," says Bakshi, "telling them why it should be animated and the ideas I had for making it. When they finally turned it over to me, I kicked up my heels in wild joy."

After the heel kicking came the head

Above: bunnies go berserk in Watership Down. *Top of page and left: two views from the upcoming Disney film* The Black Cauldron. . . *a film tracing the exploits of a sorcerer and his magical pig. Opposite page:* The Lord of the Rings.



kicking and the handwriting on the wall: how would he recreate the monsters, the wars and the wonder of Tolkien's world any better in the outlandishly expensive form of animation? Oddly enough, the answer came in a device patented in 1915 by Max Fleischer: the rotoscope. The rotoscope enables an artist to trace the movements of a previously filmed live-action figure so that an amazingly life-like feeling can be recreated. Fleischer used the device extensively for his early *Koko the Clown* cartoons.

The technique was further developed in the intervening years and Bakshi finally went ahead with a live-action version of the work, later rotoscoped by 200 animators. "Although I decided from the beginning that the entire film would be made in live action and then transformed into animation, I didn't actually know whether I could do it," Bakshi admits. "As late as last spring, I wasn't sure I could pull it off, and we already had been in production for two years at that point."

By that point, too, another major problem had reared its ugly head. The production company of Rankin-Bass had secured rights to Tolkien's *The Hobbit* as well as *The Return of the King*, around which they were producing two animated television specials—*The Hobbit, Parts I and II*. This left Bakshi with the possibility of duplication. How was he to be fair to the trilogy without confusing the audience?

It is a question that the filmmaker has yet to answer, for his *The Lord of the Rings* abruptly ends near the conclusion of the second book, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, with a narrating voice informing the audience that the rest of the story is yet to come. Saul Zaentz, the film's producer is quick to assure critics that the sequel is already being scripted. As to when audiences should expect the follow-up, Bakshi has five words. "It'll come when it comes," he says.

A more complete and consistent success can be found in Martin Rosen's production of Richard Adams' *Watership Down*. Rosen discovered the wonders of Adams' adult fairy tale when his production manager spent every free moment engrossed in the book.

"We kidded him," Rosen remembers. "How could a grown man be so involved with a book about a bunch of rabbits? He told me, 'Read it and you'll find out.' I read it on a long plane ride, and within hours of arriving back in London, I was on the phone negotiating the screen rights. I didn't know how we could make the movie ."

Thankfully, this challenge was a little easier to deal with than Tolkien's fantasies. *Watership Down*'s manuscript averaged about 500 pages and concerned a warren of very humanlike rabbits trying to find a home away from the evils of civilization. By the time Rosen began work on the film version, the book had sold more than eight million copies and was deemed a classic on both sides of the Atlantic.

Driven by Adams' lyrical vision, Rosen took on the screenwriting, producing and directing responsibilities himself, created a new animation studio and hired some of the best cartooning talent England had to offer.

"I didn't know the rules so I didn't feel guilty when I broke them," the filmmaker relates. "I got backing from five British merchant banks, installed a studio in a derelict loft of a poorhouse and set up a two-and-a-half year schedule. As it turned out, from the day I optioned the book until the American premiere, it took more than four years."

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Nonetheless, in all the work during that time, there were no shortcuts or compromises. Rosen and his director of animation, Tony Guy, settled on a style and stuck with it. Then the animation supervisor, Philip Duncan, made sure that all the action would be translated into "full animation."

"To do it any other way would be unthinkable," says Rosen. "I would rather have junked the project." Rosen's integrity infused the entire production, including the soundtrack. Among the actors signed to recreate the characters' voices were John Hurt, Harry Andrews, Roy Kinnear, Michael Hordern, Sir Ralph Richardson and, in his last performance before his death, Zero Mostel.

But even after all the effort invested, Rosen still had doubts as to the commerciality of the finished product. "I can't tell you how many times I was urged to turn it into a cute, coy children's fable—somewhere between Disney and Bugs Bunny," he relates. "But that was the same advice 19 publishers gave Adams. And didn't they feel foolish when the book became one of the all-time best-sellers in the English language?"

Rosen's dedication paid off. The critical response was nothing short of ecstatic and Avco-Embassy, the company releasing the movie, instituted a huge promotional campaign which included a *Watership Down* float in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, a soundtrack album on Columbia Records and extensive radio and television tie-ins. Rosen was so delighted with the response that he plans a sequel, of a sort. Currently, Adams' latest novel, *The Plague Dogs*, is in the storyboarding phase, with a projected budget of six million dollars—almost double that of *Watership Down*.

The success of these two pictures has not been lost on the studios that have been making a living with animation all along. Walt Disney Productions still remains the premiere proponent of high-quality cartooning; the healthy box-office returns of their last effort, *The Rescuers*, bears testimony to that. However, their future holds even greater challenges. Now set for a 1984 release is *The Black Cauldron*, a fantasy project which the studio has been developing for more than five years. Filled with magic, sorcery and wonder, it promises to send its audience back to the magnificent days when the likes of *Fantasia* lit up theater screens.

On other fronts, the prognosis for the future of animation looks equally bright. Chuck Jones, one of the most famous from Warner Brothers' old cartoon stable, has in the planning stages a *That's Entertainment*-like compilation of the best of his Warner work, and a theatrical sequel to his famous science-fiction cartoon, *Duck Dodgers in the 24½ Century*, starring the indomitable Daffy Duck.

On the other side of the ocean, Britisher Richard Williams, famous for his Oscar-winning version of *A Christmas Carol* and the two best Pink Panther movies, has been working on the magnum opus of all recent animation movies for the last 10 years. Entitled *The Thief and the Cobbler*, it is a hand-painted Arabian Nights adventure done in a highly characterized style, featuring a cast of thousands. Although Williams professes that the film should be the cartoon to end all cartoons (already several million dollars of laborious work have gone into its making), the man isn't sure that he really wants to finish it. "What will I do then?" he asks.

Oh, well, that's cartoon biz.

Magician Zigzag (Vincent Price) and vulture Phido in The Thief and the Cobbler.

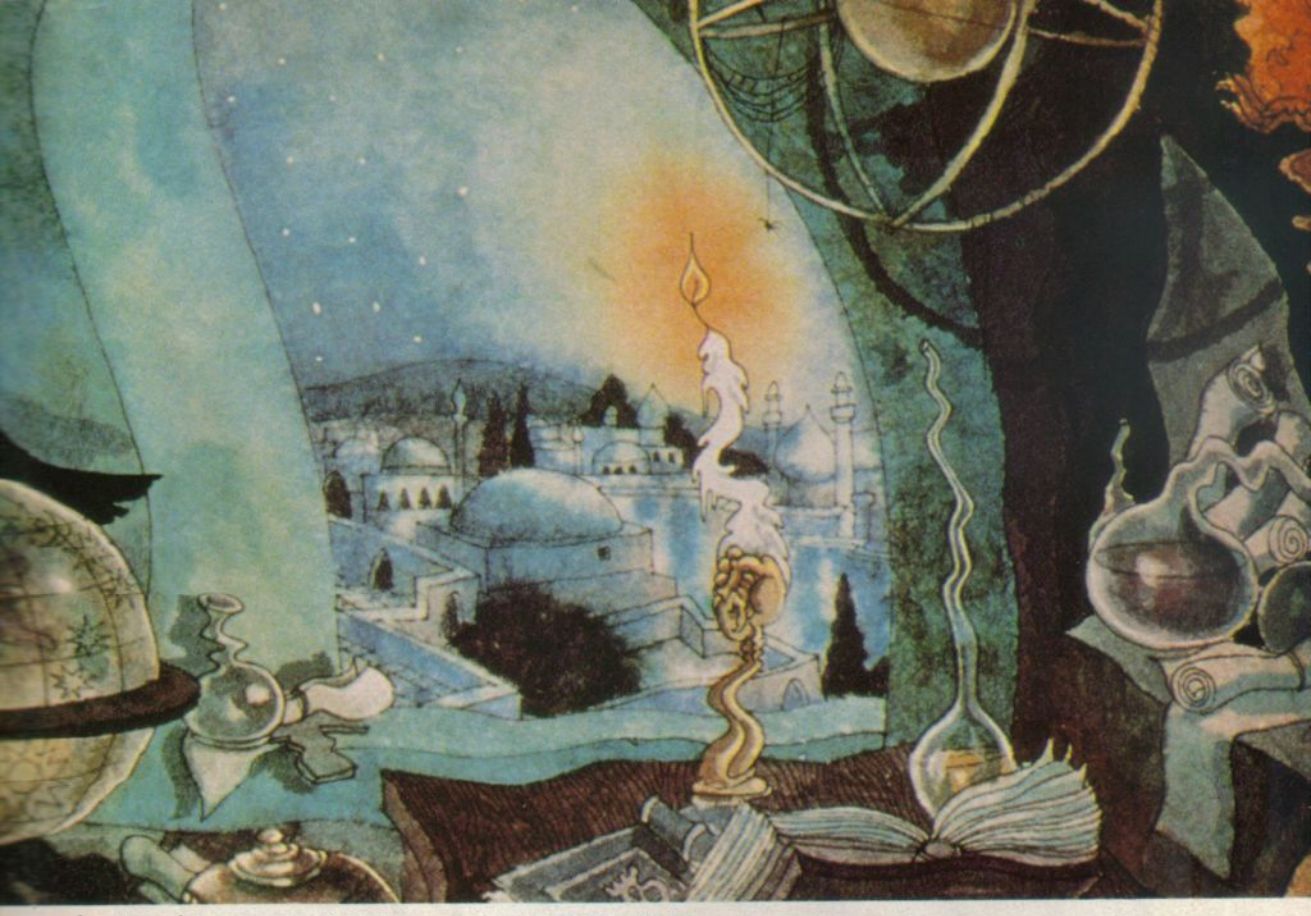

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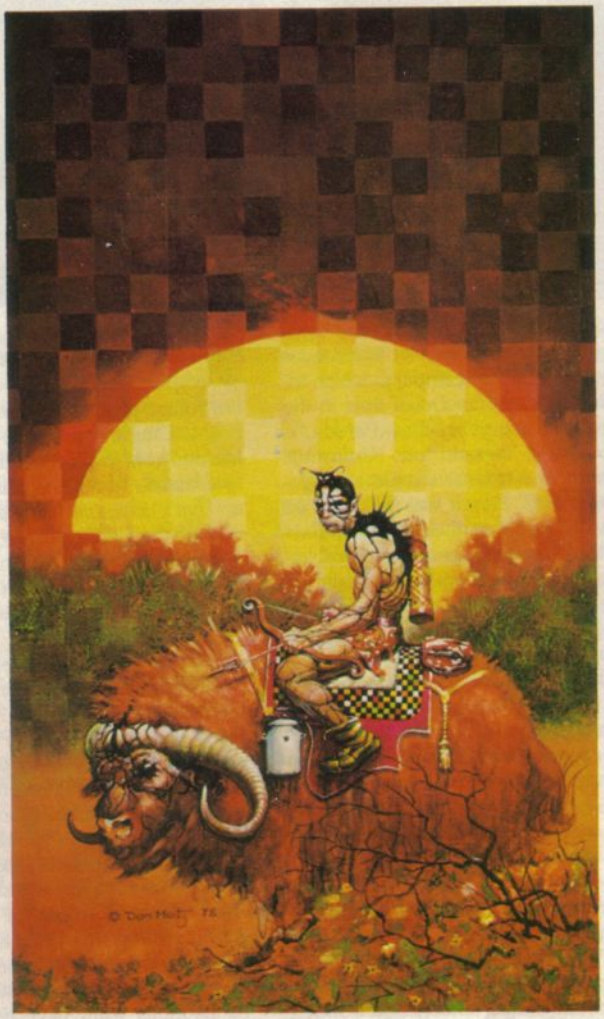
PHOTO © 1979 RICHARD WILLIAMS

FANTASTICART

A Gallery of Ghoulish Delights Appearing in Every Issue

Don Maitz

Bringer of Wonder

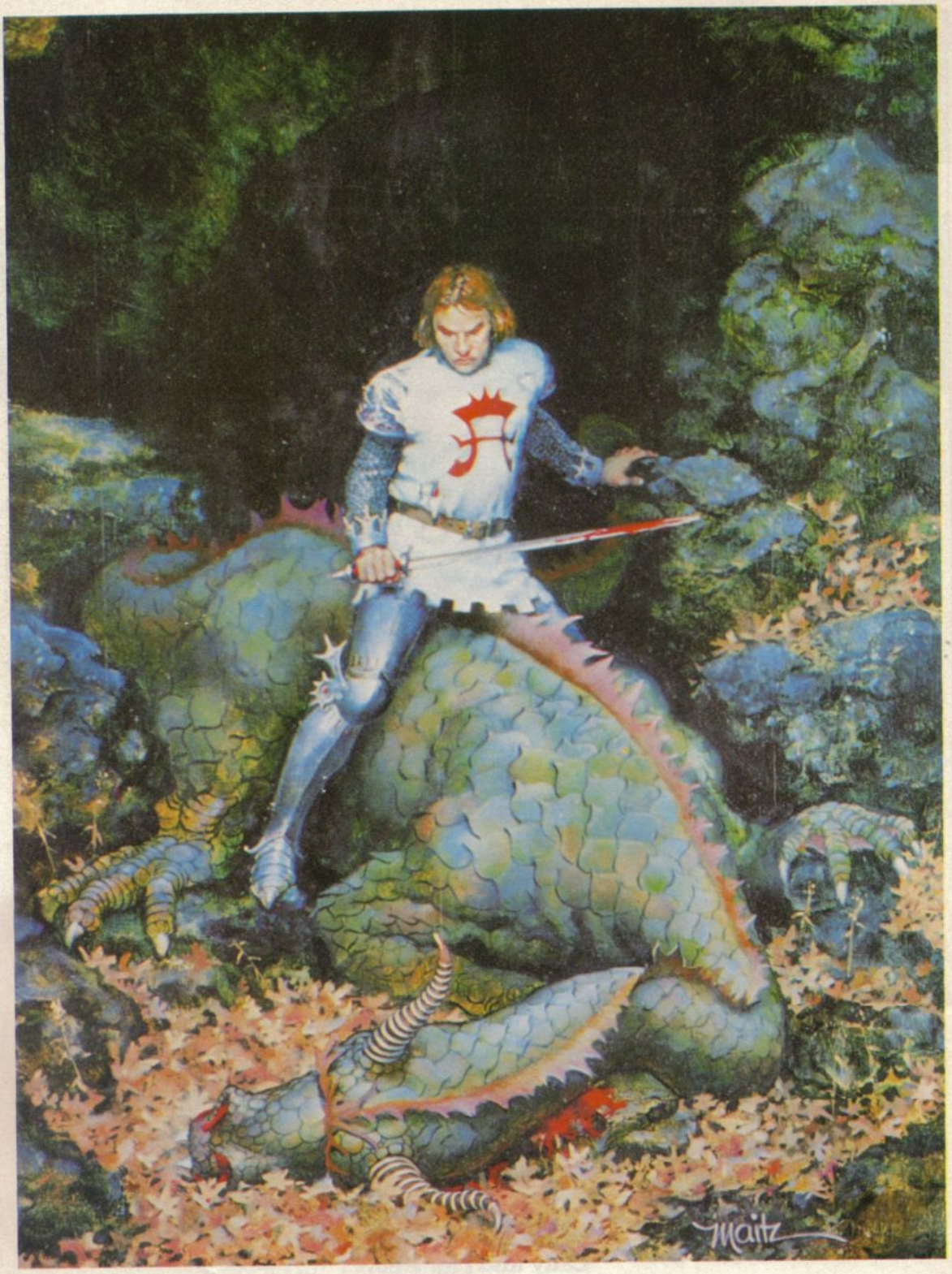


"Check Out The Sunset"

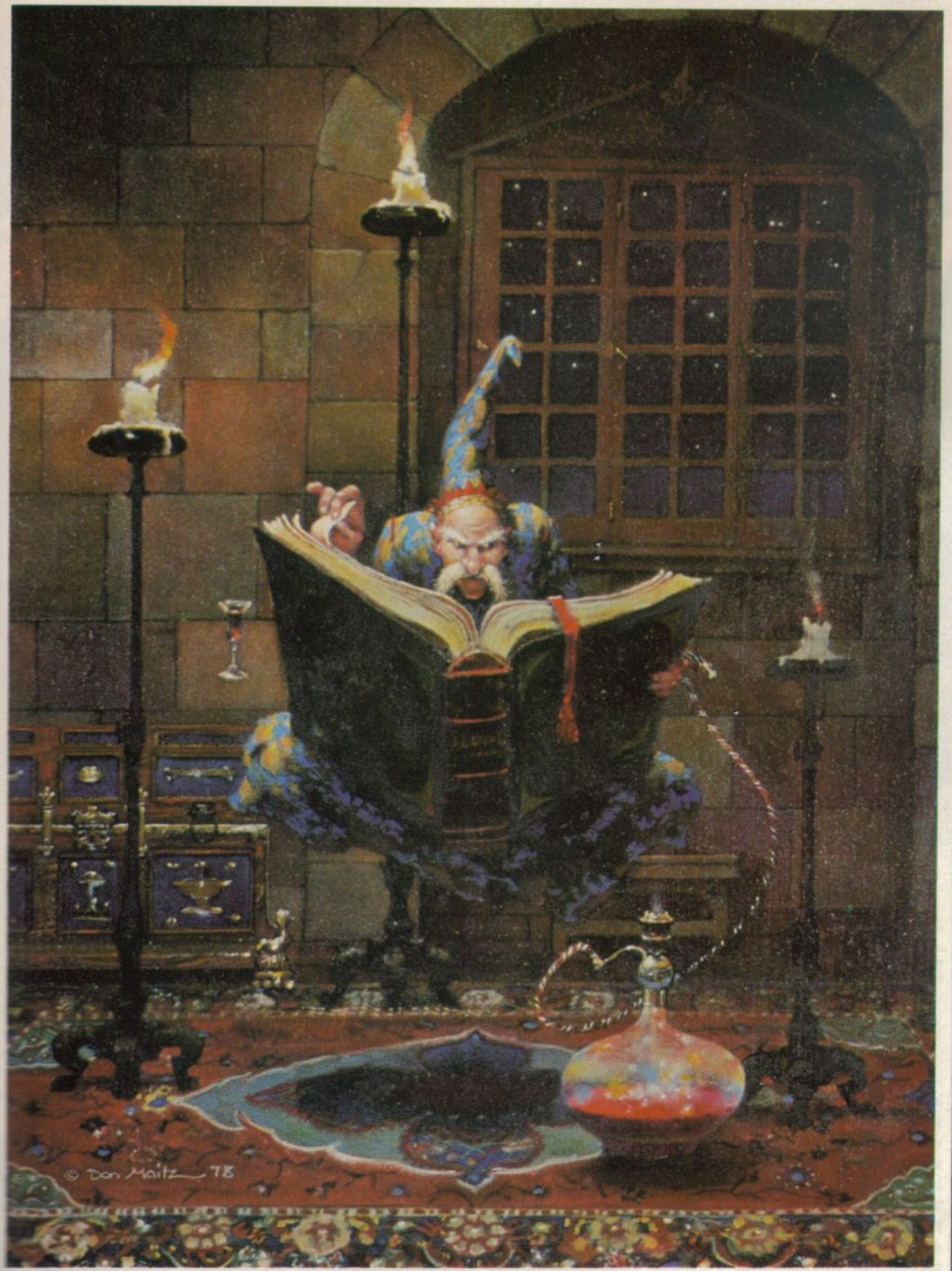
Don Maitz, a 25-year-old artist living in Connecticut, finds himself in the strange position of being a "post-Frazetta" fantasy painter. It was Frank Frazetta, he feels, who opened up the commercial illustration field to young, inventive talents. But that is where the comparison between the young man and the master of sensuous exaggerration ends. Maitz, although known for his renderings on more than 40 paperback covers used by DAW, Fawcett Crest, Dell and other publishers, has done some of his best work on personal fantasy visions. He uses all of his talent and education at the Paier School of Art in Hamden, Connecticut, to bring out the textures in the four fantasy paintings FANGORIA is proud to present. Maitz' personal favorite, *The Wizard*, has never been published before.

"Lady and Her Pet"

More Fantasticart on following pages



"The Dragon (Another Dragon Bites the Dust)"



"The Wizard"

MONSTER INVASION

A regular FANGORIA sneak previe of the newest and hottest horrors to arise from Hollywood and TV.

A fiery scene from the forthcoming John Dark/Kevin Connor Arabian Adventures. *Below left: all new, toothsome* Vampyre.

A townful of twentieth century witches, murder-mongering demons, dwarves that are not really dwarfs, insane homicidal supermen, ever-lusting vampires of either sex, murder victims who refuse to stay dead and avenging ventriloquist dummies. All are part of the horror army that will be crawling, leaping, flying, stalking, materializing, marching and ripping their way into local movie theaters during the rest of 1979. Even the devil himself is currently vying for attention in the current horror express, pitting his own charismatic presence against telepathic tots in competitive productions. Among the more noteworthy fright films currently in release or on their way to cinema status:

PHANTASM: Modest, but very effective SFX are the high points of the third feature film from 25-year-old director Don Coscarelli. Fifteen-year-old Michael Baldwin learns that his local cemetery has been taken over by a malicious giant and some very nasty trolls. Learning the surprising origins and purposes of these creatures involves so much bloodletting (usually the thick yellow blood of the creatures) that some scenes were cut to avoid an X rating.

PHOTO: © CINEMA SHARES

Blue Sunshine—*a dim future.*

PHOTO: © AIP

Arabian Adventure's *flying carpet mob.*

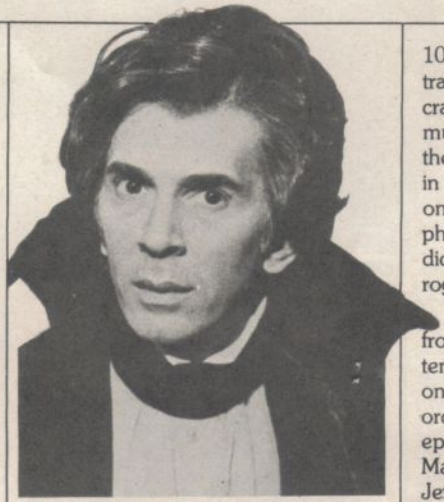
PHOTO: PICTUREMEDIA

A vision from beyond in The Evil.

THE WICKER MAN: At last in the U.S. in its full, 102-minute version, *The Wicker Man*, directed by Robin Hardy, was adapted by screenwriter Anthony Shaffer (*Sleuth, Frenzy*) from Hardy's novel. The story concerns a Scottish police sergeant's search for a missing young girl which leads him to the isolated community of Summerisle, located off the coast of Scotland. In the course of his investigation, he learns that the island's inhabitants have abandoned Christianity in favor of pre-Christian religious rites—practices usually condemned as witchcraft and paganism. Though originally filmed in 1973, the film has built a considerable underground reputation prior to its recent American premier. In speaking of his performance as Lord Summerisle, Christopher Lee has called this one "my best film to date." Also featured in the film are Ingrid Pitt, Edward Woodward and Britt Ekland.

AN ARABIAN ADVENTURE: It was only a matter of time before some intrepid filmmaker noticed the success of Ray Harryhausen's Sinbad and Arabian Night fantasies and decided to follow suit. In this case, John Dark and Kevin Connor, of *The Land* and *The People That Time Forgot* fame, are men who theorize that the time of the swashbuckler is at hand. Using much of the same team that made their *Warlords of Atlantis* a success, the duo began filming *An Arabian Adventure*.

Brian Hayles has written the fanciful screenplay, brimming with nasty sorcerers, sword-swinging heroes, nubile young princesses, horrible monsters and flying carpets. Leaving nothing to chance, Dark and Connors have signed two of the biggest names in the fantasy-horror field to star — Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. Adding additional acting clout to the production are famed Irish actor Milo O'Shea, Britisher Shane Rimmer and American Mickey Rooney. The brawny hero is played by Oliver Tobias and the princess-in-peril by newcomer Emma Samms.



Frank Langella as Count Dracula.

Director of photography Alan Hume, production designer Elliot Scott, art director Jack Maxsted and SFX supervisor George Gibbs are all trying their hardest to make *An Arabian Adventure* the *ultimate* flying-carpet movie . . . launching an entire squadron of airborne rugs during the course of the adventure. And if flying carpets aren't enough to keep stateside audiences enthralled, there's enough supernatural skullduggery happening to fill *two* fantasy plotlines. Producer Dark expects the movie to be released this summer.

BLUE SUNSHINE: Filmed two years ago by the people who brought you *Squirm*, *Blue Sunshine* is just now making its way to some theaters in the nation, spurred on by Cinema Shares Releasing. A tale of psychedelic terror, the movie traces the development of a group of ex-students who, 10 years ago at Stanford University, were sold a rare strain of a hallucinogenic drug. The lethal LSD has caused massive chromosome damage and, in a bizarre 10-year delayed-reaction effect, is transforming the peaceful citizens into crazed killers. The Blue Sunshine murderers first lose their hair, then their sanity as they erupt into violence in nearly every state in the nation. No one is exempt: a police lieutenant, a photographer, a congressional candidate's campaign manager all turn rogue. One lone avenger is aware of the situation and, without any help from law enforcement agencies, attempts to track down and capture alive one of the Blue Sunshine army in order to find a solution to the amazing epidemic. Produced by George Manasse and written and directed by Jeff Leiberman, the movie stars Zalman King, Deborah Winters and Mark Goddard.

THE DARK: A seven-foot-tall mutant maniac spends his nights ripping up a variety of innocents in the streets of Los Angeles, much to the dismay of stars William Devane, Richard Jaekel, Keenan Wynn (still recovering from his footless demise in *Piranha*) and Cathy Lee Crosby.

IT FELL FROM THE SKY: When a houseboat is struck dead-on by a meteor, its occupants rise from the river as a team of aquatic ghouls. The highlights here promise to be the performances of Buster Crabbe as Sheriff Kowalski and former Disney heavy Dennis Underwood as his deputy. Producer-director Fred Ray, an admitted Roger Corman idolator, has derived the named of all the characters from Corman's films.

DRACULA: Vampirism in a most serious vein is about to be ushered in by actor Frank Langella who recreates his award-winning Broadway role as king of the undead in *Dracula*. The film, directed by John Badham *(Night Gallery, Saturday Night Fever)*, also stars Laurence Olivier as the vampire count's ultimate nemesis, Dr. Van Helsing.

Diane Cilento warms up to a pagan fest in The Wicker Man. *a horror story about the black arts starring Christopher Lee.*

Above: one of the Human Experiments

PHOTO © 1978 HUMAN EXPERIMENTS

DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE: Cinema Shares' new vampire epic is a European affair starring German actor Paul Naschy, an actor well known for his jitterbugging werewolf roles on late-night TV film fests. In this bittersweet tale, he portrays Dr. Wendell (aka Dracula), the operator of a nursing home. Dr. Wendell takes four travelers into his home after they become stranded on the roadside. Falling in love with beautiful Karin, Wendell/Dracula tends to her needs while turning her three companions into vampires. Karin eventually confronts the Count with her suspicions about his nursing home.

He confesses everything, including his great love for her. He then imprisons the girl in a cell, revealing the presence of the skeletal remains of Dracula's daughter. In order to bring his daughter back to life, Drac needs the blood of a village girl and the free consent of a beautiful woman to become his vampire bride. Karin doesn't go for the idea. Dracula has a change of heart and decides that *he* doesn't go for the idea, either. His vampire status becomes so distasteful that he strives to put an end to himself, his daughter and Karin's three recently fanged friends. Co-starring Haydee Politoff and Rossana Yanni, the film is directed by J. Aguirre.

THE EVIL: The devil himself is the star of *The Evil*, although, in the final cut of the movie, he never actually appears. In the original version of this tingler, the devil (as portrayed by Victor Buono) was the culprit responsible for the killing of psychologist Richard Crenna's patients, trapped in a gothic mansion. In the final New World Pictures cut, the devil is still doing it, but you'll never see his face . . . much to the dismay of director Gus Trikonis, who loved the idea of a portly evil. The Picturemedia production also stars Andrew Prine and Joanna Pettet.

HUMAN EXPERIMENTS: Look out for *Human Experiments*, a cinematic tale of medical speculation dealing with psychiatry gone wild. Set in a women's penal institution, the movie traces the rather unorthodox experiments of a young psychiatrist (Geoffrey Lewis) who believes that criminal tendencies can be curbed by exposing prisoners to intense mental shock. He believes that, through preplanned doses of total fright, the human brain can be altered into a "clean-slate" state, sending the patient back into the innocence of birth. Thus, each patient can be re-educated and rehabilitated.

Unfortunately, the doctor becomes a bit obsessed with his theory. Luring unsuspecting prisoners into the catacombs beneath the prison, he embarks on a kamikaze course of the shock theater variety, sending patients into permanent zombiedom. Enter Linda Haynes as a young country-western singer and the object of the doctor's attention. Will Linda become yet another resident drooler? Will the doctor have a change of heart . . . or at least Id? Only screenwriter Richard Rothstein knows for sure. Directed by J. Gregory Goodell, *Human Experiments* also stars Jackie Coogan, Darlene Craviotto, Aldo Ray and Ellen Travolta.

Underwater SS agent from Shock Wave.

PATRICK: Rendered comatose by the electrical accident that killed his mother, Patrick has lain inanimate in his hospital bed for four years, with the grudging tolerance of an unsympathetic hospital staff. A new nurse assigned to Patrick's ward begins to suspect that Patrick has the power to affect the lives of those around him—and that Patrick's power is growing. The film is produced by Australians Anthony I. Ginnane and Richard Franklin and directed by Franklin, both already at work on their next fright film, a vampire take entitled *Thirst*.

NOCTURNA: Beginning in Transly-

vania and winding up in New York City, *Nocturna: Dracula's Granddaughter* is the world's first disco vampire film. Starring Nai Bonet as Nocturna and John Carradine as Dracula, the movie tells the bump 'n' grinding tale of a lovely vampire who falls for a rock 'n' roll performer, following him to the Big Apple against granddad Drac's wishes. Drac tracks her down and attempts to dispatch the lad quickly. An old flame of the vampire king, (Yvonne DeCarlo) intervenes, however, and Nocturna and her beau (Tony Hamilton) attempt to find happiness in the sunlight.

THE SHINING: Most of the breathless anticipation in Hollywood horror circles is being reserved for Stanley Kubrick's production of Stephen King's *The Shining*. King is the author of such well-received books as *Carrie*, *Salem's Lot* and *Night Shift*. Kubrick is universally regarded as one of the greatest filmmakers in cinema today, with *Paths of Glory*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *A Clockwork Orange* to his credit. The pairing of these two talents in *The Shining* may produce one of the most-talked-about terror films in years. The story combines psychic abilities with hell-spawned demons . . . all within the confines of a 100-room hotel in upstate New York. Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duval star in this Warner Brothers release, set to premiere next Christmas.

SHOCK WAVES: According to the ad posters, *Shock Waves* is the "deep end of horror." However deep its fright, it's safe to say that this film has had one of the murkiest existences of any fright film of recent years. Lensed in 1977, the movie received an aborted release that same year, resurfacing strong one year later thanks to the efforts of Cinema Shares. 1979 finds *Shock Waves* still making the local theater rounds with TV showings taking place across the country.

The Tempter's *Kennedy reads a hot novel.*

John Harrison and Ken Widerhorn's script calls for such veteran horror actors as John Carradine and Peter Cushing to join forces with frightened newcomers such as Brooke Adams *(Invasion of the Body Snatchers)* and Luke Halprin in an attempt to ward off an army of resurrected Nazi superweapons . . . aqua-soldiers!

Cushing plays Scar, a former SS officer responsible for developing a group of mutant soldiers, designed for unlimited underwater manuevers (hence the film's title). Three decades ago, Cushing scuttled his mission, marooning himself and his waterlogged legion on a remote island. When a group of modern-day citizens land on the island . . . the badly deteriorated death squad shambles to life. And, after three decades of isolation, these fellows are hungry for human companionship . . . very hungry indeed.

Nocturna turns on the charm.

THE TEMPTER: Made in Europe by the Italian team who brought the world *The Chosen*, this Edmondo Amati-produced, Alberto De Martino-directed opus tells of a paralyzed beauty named Ippolita (Carla Gravina) possessed by a vengeful demon. The demon, it seems, had originally taken possession of one of her ancestors some 400 years ago but lost its hold at the last moment . . . much to its chagrin. This time out, it's pulling no punches, sending Ippolita out to seduce her brother and kill her father (Mel Ferrer). After a shrink, a faith healer and even her uncle, a Roman Catholic bishop (Arthur Kennedy) fail to help save her soul, the scriptwriter calls in Father Mittner (George Couloris) . . . a demon fighter well known for his full-blown exorcisms. By the time the intrepid Mittner drives out the demon, Ippolita has degenerated into a crater-faced wreck. Oh well, at least she gets her soul back.

VAMPYRE: Described by makeup whiz Bill (Robby the Robot) Malone as "*Romeo and Juliet* with fangs," *Vampyre* is an American film "that tries to capture the Gothic feel the old Hammer films used to generate." According to Malone, who is also serving as writer and director of the opus, the movie is "primarily a love story." A vampire is being pursued by two people who are similar to the characters on the old *Avengers* TV show. The pursuers, Mrs. Endicott and Sparky, have a grudge against vampire Jeremy Griffen in that he killed Endicott's husband. Adding to Griffen's problems is a love affair with a normal human girl.

Our vampire is played by Daniel Pilon who played one of the aliens in *Starship Invasion*. His servant, Trish, is played by Diana Davidson. Mrs. Endicott is Toni Jannota. What makes our horror story different is that it's a totally humanistic approach to the legend. Our vampire doesn't turn into mist or a bat or anything fantastic. He is a human being caught in a twilight world over which he has no control.

Vampyre should be in production this spring.

Chris Lee

(continued from page 18)

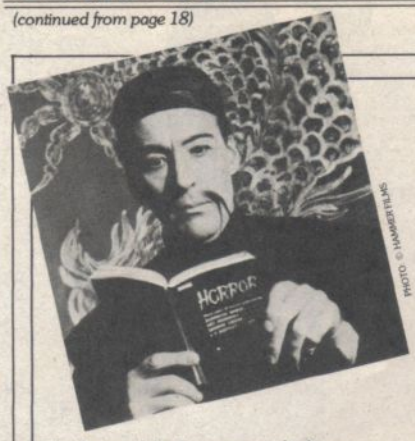


PHOTO © HAMMER FILMS

The Terror of the Tongs *proves his literary merit between torture scenes on the set.*

ly, I think that's what I do best."

The casting response was immediate and gratifying. After Lee did a guest star spot on the ABC series *How the West Was Won* and completed his role as a coldly civilized mad scientist opposite Bette Davis in Walt Disney Productions' *Return from Witch Mountain*, he started on a string of challenging roles of all kinds, all over the world.

"I went on to the likes of *Caravans*, playing the ruler of an Arabian kingdom, to *The Silent Flute*, as a master of the martial arts, to *The Passage*, as the head of a gypsy family, to *The Pirate* on CBS television, to *The Jaguar Lives*, as a drug runner in Madrid, and now the *Arabian Adventure*. It just shows that since I came to America I haven't done one thing that I'm supposedly famous for and I'm on my eleventh film. Now, you tell me, where's the typecasting?"

At the moment, Christopher Lee is once again enmeshed in evil in his newest role as a schizophrenic sorcerer, one who keeps the kind side of his personality captive in a magic mirror. It's yet another villainous characterization for him, but, like all his other villains, one of a different stripe. As he prepares to go back onto the *Arabian* set, he turns back one last time.

"Remember," he says, "there's no such thing as a 'totally evil' *anything*. Boris Karloff and I used to have long conversations about this. Lon Chaney had told *him* and he was passing it on to *me*: 'Leave it to the audience. Don't show them everything. Let them imagine it for themselves. And they'll be way ahead of you.' And they usually are. I've never forgotten that."

Then Christopher Lee is gone, back in front of the cameras, creating more of his special magic; magic that is fast disappearing in this age of the anti-hero and anti-villain. Almost all of Lee's portrayals involve men of incredible power and capability but, somehow, they never lose the sense of humanity needed to make the roles really *live*.

Even though his towering presence had departed the dressing room, I couldn't help but finger my neck . . . searching for any tell-tale punctures before packing up my gear.

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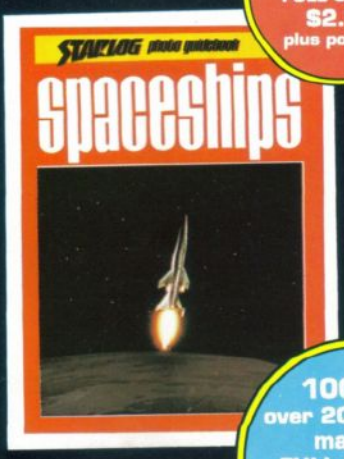

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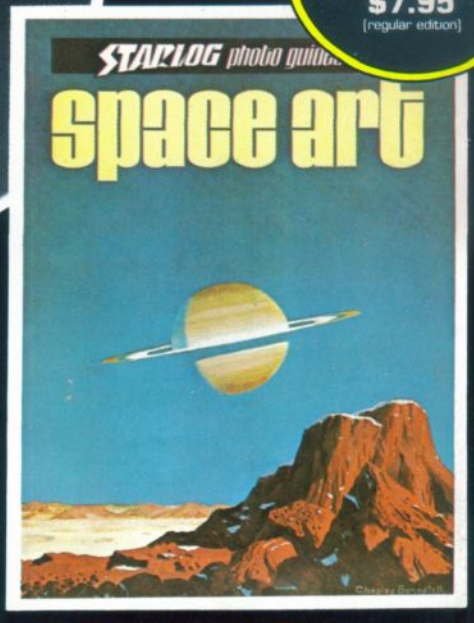

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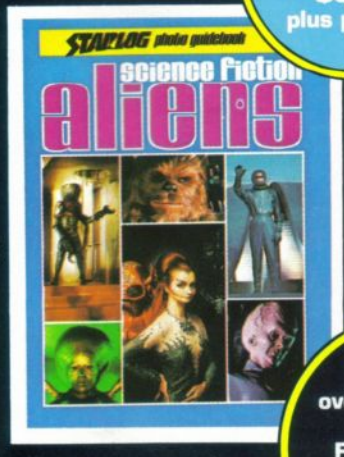

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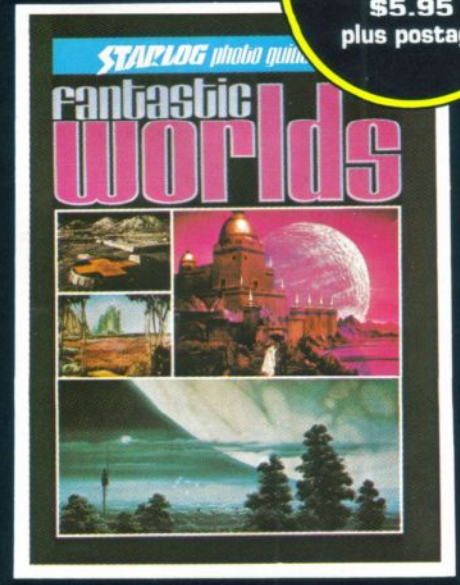

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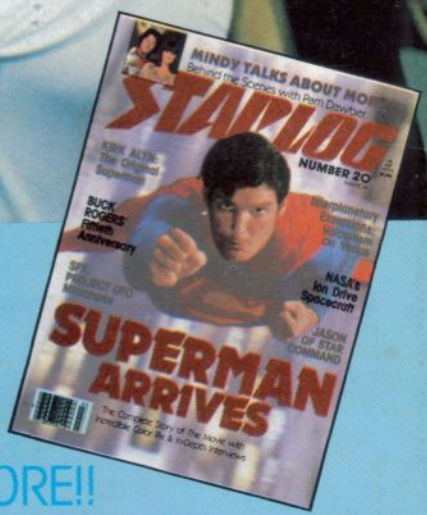
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